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PRAYER.

(From the French of Emile Verhaeren.)

Towards the Future, its adventurous
care,

My spirit springs,
And, suddenly, I feel once more,
Deep in my heart, the flutter of white
wings

Asleep before,
A child's long-silent prayer.

Though other words in other phrases
sigh,

Yet the old rhythm rings with the old
cry,

After long years the same;
The rhythm Time hath taught, and
men of old,

Since in sore need they pierced their
skies of gold

With vows of boon or blame.

To-day it thrills my being's utmost
span,

As swiftly I ascend towards nobler
Man,

In whose slow making centuries
unite;

I hope, I weep, I tremble, I desire!

My longings, wafted in sonorous
flight,

Mount in a brazier of dancing fire.

Spark, that survivest yet from fervors
past!

O brave, new Prayer! O Prayer,
arisen at last!

O future! Thee, as once God's mys-
teries,

I worship now, lord of our time and
race,

But thou, at least, one day wilt take
man's place,

Thou wilt become his heart, his brain,
his eyes.

What matter, wert thou less than
dreams desire?

If at each glimpse of thee

Mine ardor kindled be,

And my will lifted higher.

Some beacon need we all of lofty scope,

Lit by our fathers, by their children
fanned,

The English Review.

That serried souls from age to age
may stand,
Guarding one proud, imperishable hope.

How firm and sure, however slow and
small,

The labor of each to reach one goal of
all,

Though dull despair with cruel fate
combine!

How sweet to fill the heart with this
fair Dream,

Not wholly false, but truer than men
deem,

Prefiguring in luminous outline
Love's energy divine!

To foster its bright, solitary strength,
To garner the world's jewel, till at
length

All learn the secret of its gentle
sway;

To lure Man's passions from old paths
and blind,

To turn fierce fetters into chains that
bind

Glory to come with glories passed
away.

To-morrow with to-day!

To act, to act! To banish querulous
doubt,

Though the rough road stretch trag-
ically out,

Nor any sheltering trees sure rest
provide;

To feed the mind with thoughts and
courage high,

—Each hour forgotten as its threat
goes by!—

To thread grim darkness with one torch
for guide:

Indomitable pride!

Then, when day closes and the tired
arms fall,

When slumber creeps round eyelids un-
aware,

To breathe at last a sudden, vehement
prayer,

One prayer for all!

Osman Edicards.

SWINBURNE: PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

Men who to-day have not passed middle age can scarcely form an impression of what the name and fame of Algernon Charles Swinburne meant forty years ago to those who were then young and enthusiastic candidates for apprenticeship in the fine arts. Criticism now looks upon his work—and possibly it is right in so looking—rather as closing than as opening a great poetic era. The conception is of a talent which collects all the detonating elements of a previous illumination, and lets them off, once and for all, in a prodigious culminating explosion, after which darkness ensues. But such a conception of Swinburne, as the floriated termination of the romantic edifice, or again to change the image, as one who brought up the rear of a long and straggling army, would have seemed to his adorers of 1869 not merely paradoxical but preposterous. It was not doubted by any of his admirers that here they held an incomparable poet of a new order, "the fairest first-born son of fire," who was to inaugurate a new age of lyric gold.

This conception was shared alike by the few who in those days knew him personally, and by the many who did not. While the present writer was still in that outer class, he well remembers being told that an audience of the elect to whom Swinburne recited "Dolores," had been moved to such incredible ecstasy by it that several of them had sunk on their knees, then and there, and adored him as a god. Those were blissful times, when poets and painters, if they were attached to Keats' "little clan," might hope for honors which were private, indeed, and strictly limited, but almost divine. The extraordinary reputation of Swinburne in the later 'sixties was con-

structed of several elements. It was built up on the legend of his mysterious and unprecedented appearance, of the astonishing verbal beauty of his writings, but most of all of his defiance of the intellectual and religious prejudices of his age and generation. He was not merely a poet, but a flag; and not merely a flag but the Red Flag incarnate. There was an idea abroad, and it was not ill-founded, that in matters of taste the age in England had for some time been stationary, if not stagnant. It was necessary to wake people up; as Victor Hugo had said: "Il faut rudoyer le genre humain," and in every gesture it was believed that Swinburne set forth to "rudoyer" the Philistines.

This was welcome to all young persons sitting in bondage, who looked up to Swinburne as to the deliverer. He also enjoyed, in popular belief, the advantage of excessive youth. In point of fact, his immaturity was not so dazzling as was reported by the newspapers, or alas! as he then himself reported. When *Poems and Ballads* appeared, he was in his thirtieth year, yet he was generally understood to be only twenty-four. This is interesting merely because there are five or six years of Swinburne's early manhood which seem to be without any visible history. What did he do with himself between 1860, when *The Queen-Mother* was still-born, and 1865, when he flashed into universal prominence as the author of *Atalanta in Calydon*? On the large scale, nothing; on the small scale the bibliographer (aided by the indefatigable Mr. Thos. J. Wise) detects the review of Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal* in the "Spectator" (1862), and a dim sort of short story in prose, called *Dead Love* (1864). No

doubt this was a time of tremendous growth in secret; but, visibly, no flame or even smoke was ejected from the crater of the young volcano. Swinburne told me that he wrote the *Baudelaire* in a Turkish bath in Paris. (There were stranger groves of Academe than this.) No doubt the biographers of the future, intent on rubbing the gold-dust off the butterfly's wings, will tell us everything, day by day. Meanwhile, these early years continue to be delightfully mysterious, and he was nearly thirty when he dawned in splendor on London.

Swinburne's second period lasted from 1865 to 1871. This was the blossoming-time of the aloe, when its acute perfume first filled the literary salons, and then emptied them; when, for a very short time, the poet emerged from his life-long privacy and trod the social stage. The experiment culminated, I suppose, in his solitary public utterance. He might be called "Single-Speech Swinburne," since positively his only performance on his legs was an after-dinner oration, in May, 1866, when he responded to the toast of "The Imaginative Literature of England" at Willis's Rooms. This, I conjecture, was the occasion, of which I remember Browning telling me, when Sala coupled with a toast "the names of the moral (though I cannot say clever) Mr. Tupper, and the clever (though I cannot say moral) Mr. Swinburne." I believe this not unpleasing anecdote to be *ben trovato*, but it is quite in the 1866 manner.

This second period was brilliant, but stormy. Swinburne was constitutionally unfitted to shine in mixed society. The events in his career now came fast and thick. The *Atalanta*, acclaimed in 1865, had been followed later in the same year by *Chastelard*, which made old men begin to dream dreams, and in 1866 by *Poems and Ballads*, which roused a scandal unparalleled since

Byron left England exactly half a century before. Then, when the fury of the public was at its height, there was a meeting between Jowett and Mazzini, at the house of Mr. George Howard (now the Earl of Carlisle), to discuss "what can be done *with* and *for* Algernon." And then there came the dedication to the Republic, "the beacon-bright Republic far-off sighted," and all the fervor and intellectual frenzies were successfully diverted from "such tendrils as the wild Loves wear" to the luminous phantasms of liberty and tyrannicide, to the stripping of the muffled souls of kings, and to all the other glorious, generous absurdities of the Mazzini-haunted *Songs before Sunrise* (1871). This was the period when, after an unlucky experience of London society, the poet fled to the solitudes again, and nearly lost his life swimming in the harbor of Etretat. The autumn of 1870 saw him once again in London. It is at this moment, when Swinburne was in his thirty-fourth year, that the recollections which I venture to set down before they be forgotten practically begin. They represent the emotional observations of a boy on whom this mysterious and almost symbolical luminary turned those full beams which were then and afterwards so thriftily withdrawn from the world at large.

That I may escape as quickly as possible from the necessity of speaking for myself, and yet may detail the credentials of my reminiscences, let me say that my earliest letter from Swinburne was dated September 14th, 1867, when I was still in my eighteenth year, and that I first saw him about that time, or early in 1868. I was not presented to him, however, until the last week in 1870, when, in a note from the kind hostess who brought us together, I find it stated: "Algernon took to you at once, as is seldom the case with him." In spite of this happy

beginning, the acquaintance remained superficial until 1873, when, I hardly know how, it ripened suddenly into an intimate friendship. From that time, until he left London about 1878, I saw Swinburne very frequently indeed, and for several years later than that our intercourse continued to be close. These relations were never interrupted, except by his increasing deafness and general disinclination to leave home. I would, then, say that the memories I venture to bring forward deal mainly with the years from 1874 to 1880, but extend a little before and after that date.

I.

The physical conditions which accompany and affect what we call genius are obscure, and have hitherto attracted little but empirical notice. It is impossible not to see that the absolutely normal man or woman, as we describe normality, is very rarely indeed an inventor, or a seer, or even a person of remarkable mental energy. The bulk of what are called entirely "healthy" people add nothing to the sum of human achievement, and it is not the average navvy who makes Darwin, nor the typical daughter of the plough who develops into an Elizabeth Barrett Browning. There are probably few professional men who offer a more insidious attack upon all that in the past has made life variegated and interesting than the school of robust and old-fashioned physicians who theorize on eccentricity, on variations of the type, as necessarily evil and obviously to be stamped out, if possible, by the State. The more closely we study, with extremely slender resources of evidence, the lives of great men of imagination and action since the beginning of the world, the more clearly we ought to recognize that a reduction of all the types to one stolid uniformity of what is called "health" would have the effect of de-

priving humanity of precisely those individuals who have added most to the beauty and variety of human existence.

This question is one which must, in the near future, attract the close and sympathetic attention of the medical specialist. At present, there seems to be an almost universal confusion between morbid aberration and wholesome abnormality. The presence of the latter amongst us is, indeed, scarcely recognized, and an unusual individuality is almost always treated as a subject either of disease or of affected oddity. When the physical conditions of men of the highest celebrity in the past are touched upon, it is usual to pass them over with indifference, or else to account for them as the results of disease. The peculiarities of Pascal, or of Pope, or of Michelangelo are either denied, or it is presumed that they were the result of purely morbid factors against which their genius, their rectitude, or their common sense more or less successfully contended. It is admitted that Tasso had a hypersensitive constitution, which cruelty tortured into melancholia, but it is taken for granted that he would have been a greater poet if he had taken plenty of outdoor exercise. Descartes was of a different opinion, for though his body was regarded as feeble and somewhat abnormal, he considered it a machine well suited to his own purposes, and thought the Cartesian philosophy would not have been improved, though the philosopher's digestion might, by his developing the thews of a ploughboy.

These reflections are natural in looking back upon the constitution of Swinburne, which I believe to have been one of the most extraordinary that has been observed in our time. It would be a pity if its characteristics should be obscured by caricature on the one hand or by false sentiment on the other. In the days when I

watched him closely, I found myself constantly startled by the physical problem: What place has this singular being in the *genus homo*? It would easily be settled by the vague formula of "degeneration," but to a careful eye there was nothing in Swinburne of what is known as the debased or perverse type. The stigmata of the degenerate, such as we have been taught to note them, were entirely absent. Here were, to the outward and untechnical perception at least, no radical effects of disease, hereditary or acquired. He stood on a different physical footing from other men; he formed, as Cowley said of Pindar, "a vast species alone." If there had been a planet peopled by Swinburnes, he would have passed as an active, healthy, normal specimen of it. All that was extraordinary in him was not, apparently, the result of ill-health, but of individual and inborn peculiarity.

The world is familiar, from portraits and still better from caricatures, with his unique appearance. He was short, with shoulders that sloped more than a woman's, from which rose a long and slender neck, surmounted by an enormous head. The cranium was out of all proportion to the rest of the structure. His spine was rigid, and though he often bowed the heaviness of his head, *lasso papavera collo*, he seemed never to bend his back. Except in consequence of a certain physical weakness, which probably may, in more philosophical days, come to be accounted for and palliated—except when suffering from this external cause, he seemed immune from all the maladies that pursue mankind. He did not know fatigue; his agility and brightness were almost mechanical. I never heard him complain of a headache or of a toothache. He required very little sleep, and occasionally when I have parted from him in the evening after saying "Good-night," he has sim-

ply sat back in the deep sofa in his sitting-room, his little feet close together, his arms against his side, folded in his frock-coat like a grasshopper in its wing-covers, and fallen asleep, apparently for the night, before I could blow out the candles and steal forth from the door. I am speaking, of course, of early days; it was thus about 1875 that I closely observed him.

He was more a hypertrophied intelligence than a man. His vast brain seemed to weigh down and give solidity to a frame otherwise as light as thistledown, a body almost as immaterial as that of a fairy. In the streets he had the movements of a somnambulist, and often I have seen him passing like a ghost across the traffic of Holborn, or threading the pressure of carts eastward in Gray's Inn Road, without glancing to the left or the right, like something blown before a wind. The present writer then held a humble post at the British Museum, from which he was freed at four o'clock, and Swinburne liked to arrange to meet him half-way between that monument and his own lodgings. One of Swinburne's peculiarities was an extreme punctuality, and we seldom failed to meet on the deserted northern pavement of Great Coram Street. But although the meeting was of his own making, and the person to be met a friend seen every day, if I stood a couple of yards before him silent, he would endeavor to escape on one side and then on the other, giving a great shout of satisfaction when at length his eyes focussed on my face.

He was very fond of talking about his feats of swimming and riding as a boy, and no one has written about the former exercise with half so much felicity and ardor:—

As one that ere a June day rise
Makes seaward for the dawn, and tries
The water with delighted limbs

That tastes the sweet dark sea, and
swims
Right eastward under strengthening
skies,

And sees the gradual rippling rims
Of waves whence day breaks blossom-
wise

Take fire ere light peer well above,
And laughs from all his heart with
love;

And softer swimming, with raised
head,

Feels the full flower of morning shed,
And fluent sunrise round him rolled,
That laps and laves his body bold
With fluctuant heaven in water's stead,
And urgent through the growing gold
Strikes, and sees all the spray flash
red,

And his soul takes the sun, and
yearns

For joy wherewith the sea's heart
burns. . . .

There is nothing to approach it elsewhere in literature. It was founded on experience in the surf of Northumberland, and Swinburne's courage and zest as a bather were superb. But I was assured by earlier companions that he made remarkably little way by swimming, and that his feats were mainly of floating, his little body tossing on the breakers like a cork. This was the cause of the accident which so nearly cost him his life, when he was bathing at Etretat in 1870. He was caught by the race of the tide under the Porte d'Amont, because of the weakness of his stroke. He was pursued, floating like a medusa with shining hair outspread, and was caught a long way out to sea, behind the Petite Porte, by a yachtsman who, oddly enough, happened to be Guy de Maupassant. I may record that, in describing this incident to me not long after it happened, Swinburne said that he reflected with satisfaction, when he made up his mind that he must be drowned, that he had just finally revised the proofs of *Songs before Sunrise*,

and that he was only a little older than (I think he said, not so old as) Shelley when he was drowned. He further recorded that in the state of the tide the fishing-boat which saved him could not return for some time, and that the sailors wrapped him in a sail and perched him on the deck, where, to their amazement, he recited the poems of Victor Hugo in a very loud voice, until they got back to Etretat. These incidents are, I think, not mentioned by Guy de Maupassant in his very picturesque account of the occurrence.

No physiologist who studied the physical condition of Swinburne could avoid observing the violent elevation of spirits to which he was constantly subject. The slightest emotional excitement, of anger, or pleasure, or admiration, sent him into a state which could scarcely be called anything but convulsive. He was like that little geyser in Iceland, which is always simmering, but which, if it is irritated by having pieces of turf thrown into it, instantly boils over and flings its menacing column at the sky. I was never able to persuade myself whether the extraordinary spasmodic action of the arms and legs which accompanied these paroxysms was the result of nature or habit. It was violent and it was long-continued, but I never saw that it produced fatigue. It gradually subsided into a graceful and smiling calm, sometimes even into somnolence, out of which, however, a provocative remark would instantly call up again the surprising spasm of the geyser. Swinburne seemed to me to divide his hours between violent intellectual excitement and sheer immobility, mental and physical. He would sit for a long time together without stirring a limb, his eyes fixed in a sort of trance, and only his lips shifting and shivering a little, without a sound.

The conception of Swinburne, indeed, as incessantly flamboyant and

convulsive, is so common that it may be of value to note that he was, on the contrary, sometimes pathetically plaintive and distressed. The following impression, written down next day (January 4th, 1878), reveals a Swinburne little imagined by the public, but frequently enough to be observed in those days by intimate friends. It describes a somewhat later period than that on which I have hitherto dwelt:—

"Swinburne has become very much at home with us, and, knowing our eating-times, he drops in every fortnight or so to dinner, and stays through the evening. All this winter he has been noticeably worn and feeble, sometimes tottering like an old man, and glad to accept a hand to help him up and down stairs. I hear he is very violent between whiles, but he generally visits us during the exhaustion and depression which follow his fits of excitement, when he is tired of his loneliness at Great James Street, and seems to crave the comfort of home-life and the petting that we lavish on him. Last night he arrived about 5 p.m.; he was waiting to see me when I came back from the office. The maid had seen him into my study, brightened the fire and raised the lamp, but although she left him cosily seated under the light, I found him mournfully wandering, like a lost thing, on the staircase. We happened to be quite alone, and he stayed on for six hours. He was extremely gentle, bright, and sensible at dinner, full of gay talk about early memories, his recollections of Dickens, and odd anecdotes of old Oxford friends, Jowett, Stubbs, and the present Bishop of Ely [James Russell Woodford]. Directly dinner was over he insisted on seeing the baby, whom on these occasions he always kisses, and worships on his knees, and is very fantastic over. When he and I were alone, he closed up to the fire, his great head bowed, his knees held tight to-

gether, and his finger-tips pressed to his chest, in what I call his 'penitential' attitude, and he began a long tale, plaintive and rather vague, about his loneliness, the sadness of his life, the suffering he experiences from the slanders of others. He said that George Eliot was hounding on her myrmidons to his destruction. I made out that this referred to some attack in a newspaper which he supposes, very groundlessly I expect, to be inspired by George Eliot. Swinburne said that a little while ago he found his intellectual energy succumbing under a morbid distress at his isolation, and that he had been obliged steadily to review before his conscience his imaginative life in order to prevent himself from sinking into despair. This is only a mood, to be sure; but if there be any people who think so ill of him, I only wish they could see him as we see him at these recuperative intervals. Whatever he may be elsewhere, in our household not a kinder, simpler, or more affectionate creature could be desired as a visitor. The only fault we find with him is that his little mournful ways and his fragility drag painfully upon our sympathy."

This, it will be admitted, is not the Swinburne of legend in the 'seventies, and that it is so different may be judged, I hope, my excuse for recording it. A very sensible further change came over him when he was attacked by deafness, an infirmity to which, I believe, most members of his family have been liable. I do not think that I noticed any hardness of hearing until 1880, when the affliction rapidly developed. He was, naturally, very much concerned at it, and in the summer of that year he said to a lady of my household, "If this gets worse I shall become wholly unfit to mix in any society where two or three are gathered together." It did get worse; it was constitutional and incurable, and for

the last quarter of a century of his life he was almost impervious to outward sound. All the more, therefore, was he dependent on the care of the devoted friend who thenceforward guarded him so tenderly.

II.

The conversation of Swinburne, in the days of his youth and power, was very splendid in quality. No part of a great man disappears so completely as his table-talk, and to nothing is it more difficult afterwards to reconstruct an impression. Swinburne's conversation had, as was to be expected, some of the characteristics of his poetry. It was rapid, and yet not voluble; it was measured, ornate, and picturesque, and yet it was in a sense homely. It was much less stilted and involved than his prose writing. His extreme natural politeness was always apparent in his talk, unless, of course, some unfortunate *contretemps* should rouse a sudden ebullition, when he could be neither just nor kind. But, as a rule, his courtesy shone out of his blue-gray eyes and was lighted up by the halo of his cloud of orange hair as he waved it, gravely or waggishly, at the company. The ease with which finished and polished sentences flowed from him was a constant amazement to me. I noted (January, 1875) that somebody having been so unwise as to speak of the "laborious" versification of Catullus, Swinburne burst forth with a trumpet-note of scorn, and said, "Well, I can only tell you I should have called him the least laborious, and the most spontaneous, in his god-like and bird-like melody, of all the lyrists known to me except Sappho and Shelley; I should as soon call a lark's note 'labored' as Catullus'." This might have been said of Swinburne's amazing talk; it was a stream of song, no more labored than a lark's.

Immediately after leaving him I

used sometimes, as well as I could, to note down a few of his sentences. It was not easy to retain much where all was so copious and rich, but a whole phrase or even colloquy would linger long in the memory. I think these brief reports may be trusted to give his exact words; nothing could recall his accent and the spontaneous *crescendo* effect of his enthusiasm. I quote from my note-books almost at random. This is in 1875, about some literary antagonist, but I have neglected to note whom:—

"He had better be careful. If I am obliged" [very slowly] "to take the cudgel in my hand" [in rapid exultation] "the rafters of the hovel in which he skulks and sniggers shall ring with the loudest whacks ever administered in discipline or chastisement to a howling churl." All this poured forth, in towering high spirits, without a moment's pause to find a word.

Often Swinburne would put on the ironical stop, and, with a killing air of mock modesty, would say, "I don't know whether you can reasonably expect me to be *very* much weaker than a tame rabbit"; or, "Even milk would boil over twice to be treated in that way."

He was certainly, during the years in which I knew him well, at his best in 1875. Many of the finest things which I tried to capture belonged to that year. Here is an instance of his proud humility:—

"It is always a thorn in my flesh, and a check to any satisfaction which I might feel in writing prose, to reflect that probably I have never written, nor shall ever write, one single page that Landor would have deigned to sign. Nothing of this sort, or indeed of any sort whatever, troubles me for a moment when writing verse, but this always does haunt me when I am at work on prose."

In 1875 he had become considerably

severed from Rossetti in sympathy, and he was prepared to discuss without anger the possibility that his praise had been over-luscious:—

"Well, very likely I did say some extravagant things about Rossetti's original sonnets and lyrics, but I do deliberately stick to any word I said about him as a translator. No doubt Shelley is to the full as beautiful a workman in that line, but then he is as inaccurate as Rossetti is accurate."

All through this year, 1875, his mind was full of the idea of translating Æschylus, Aristophanes, Villon, all his peculiar foreign favorites, and the subject was frequently uppermost in his mouth. He thought Mallarmé's version of Poe "very exquisite," although he could not make much of Manet's amazing folio illustrations. Swinburne was well disposed, however, to Manet, whose studio in Paris he told me he had visited in 1863, in company with Whistler and Fantin. He was much disappointed at the sudden death of Maggi, of Milan, who had undertaken to bring out a complete Italian translation of his poems. Swinburne used to speak of Italy as "my second mother-country" and "my country by adoption," although I think his only personal knowledge of it had been gained in 1863, when he spent a long time in and near Florence, much of the time in the society of Walter Savage Landor and that "dear, brilliant, ingenious creature," Mrs. Gaskell. It was in a garden at Fiesole, he told me, with the whole air vociferous with nightingales, that he wrote "Itylus."

In the summer of 1875 I brought him a very laudatory review of his writings which had just appeared in Copenhagen, and urged him to gratify the Danish critic by sending him a few written words of acknowledgment. This he was very well pleased to do, but he paused, with lifted pen, and looking up sideways with that curious

roguish smile which was one of his charms, he asked, "But what in the name of all the gods and little fishes of Scandinavia am I to say? I know! I must borrow some of the divine darning which enables our Master to respond so frankly to tributes of which he cannot read a word! I will write to your Danish friend exactly as Victor Hugo replies to tributes of English verse and prose."

The first letter, he told me, which he received from Victor Hugo, of whom he always spoke in terms of idolatrous reverence, was in the early part of 1862, in acknowledgement of some unsigned articles on *Les Misérables*. In replying, with the greatest effusion, Swinburne asked leave to lay the dedication of "Chastelard" at Hugo's feet. Although the English poet always spoke of the French poet as a daughter might speak of her mother, with tender adoration, they did not meet until November, 1882, when Swinburne went over to Paris on purpose to attend the revival—"the resurrection," he called it—of *Le Roi s'amuse*. He had no longer any familiarity with Paris; he stayed, like a true British tourist, in one of the fashionable hotels, in the Rue St. Honoré. On that occasion, and I think for the only time in his life, he pressed the hand of Victor Hugo. He wrote to me from Paris of the play, and of the fiftieth anniversary of its appearance, "a thing as unique and wonderful as the play itself," but said not a word of his impressions of Hugo.

To someone who remarked that it was disagreeable to be controverted, Swinburne replied gravely, "No! not at all! It gives a zest to the expression of sympathy to raise some points of amicable disagreement." This was not the only case in which I was struck by a certain unconscious resemblance between his repartees and those of Dr. Johnson.

In 1873 or 1874 he started his theory of the division of great writers into gods and giants. He worked it out rather whimsically; Shakespeare, of course, was a god, and Ben Jonson was a giant, but I think that Webster was a god. These conjectures led him along the pleasant pathway of caprice. He now started his serious study of Shakespeare, of which, as about to become a book, I believe he first spoke to me late in 1873. It was a time of controversy so acrid that we can hardly realize the bitterness of it in these calm days. But Swinburne was more than ready for the fight. He rejoiced in his power to make his assailants ridiculous. "I need hardly tell you," he said to me, "that I shall begin, and clear my way, with a massacre of the pedants worthy of one of Topsy's [William Morris's] Icelandic sagas. It shall be 'a murder grim and great,' I pledge myself to you!" And indeed he was very vivacious at the expense of the New Shakespeare (or "Shack-spur," as he always pronounced it) Society.

Great anger burned in his bosom because the "Athenæum" described his *Erechtheus* as "a translation from Euripides." I never clearly understood the reason of Swinburne's fanatical objection to Euripides, which has even puzzled Dr. Verrall. On the occasion of the appearance of the review quoted above, I found Swinburne in a fine fit of the tantrums. He poured out his indignation the moment I came into the room. "Translation from Euripides, indeed! Why, a fourth-form boy could perceive that, as far as *Erechtheus* can be said to be formed after anybody, it is modelled throughout on the earlier style of Æschylus, the simple three-part epic style of 'The Suppliants,' 'The Persians,' and the 'Seven against Thebes,' the style most radically contrary to the 'droppings,' grh! the *droppings* (as our divine and

dearest Mrs. Browning so aptly rather than delicately puts it) of the scenic sophist that can be conceived. I should very much like to see the play of Euripides which contains five hundred consecutive lines that could be set against as many of mine!"

Again, on a later occasion, "I always have maintained, and I always shall maintain, that it is infinitely easier to over-top Euripides by the head and shoulders than to come up to the waist of Sophocles or stretch up to touch the lance of Æschylus." *Erechtheus* was written with unusual celerity, all of it, if I remember right, in lodgings by the sea at Wragford, near Southwold, in Suffolk, where Swinburne was staying in the autumn of 1875. When we think of the learning, the weight of imagination, and the unrivalled metrical daring of that splendid drama (to my mind on the very highest level of Swinburne's poetical achievement), this improvisation seems marvellous.

To one who praised in his presence the two great naval odes of Campbell: "I like to hear you say that. But I should speak still more passionately, for the simple fact is that I know nothing like them at all, *smile aut secundum*, in their own line, which is one of the very highest lines in the highest range of poetry. Very little national verse anywhere is good either patriotically or poetically; and what is good patriotically is far inferior to Campbell poetically. Look at Burns and Rouget de l'Isle! What is virtually lacking is proof, in the face of the Phillistines, that poetry has real worth and weight in national matters—lacking everywhere else, only—not lacking in Campbell."

His feeling about literature was serious to the verge of fanaticism. It absorbed him like a religion, and it was this unflinching sense of the superhuman power and value of poetry which made his conversation so stimulating, especially to a very young man

whom he honored with the untrammelled expression of his opinions. But he had a charming delicacy of toleration for the feelings of those whom he respected, even when he believed them to be tainted with error. Of an elder writer of some authority, to whom he was urged to reply on a point of criticism, he said, "No! If I wrote about what he has said, I could not hold myself in. I do not wish to be rude to —. Now, I know that I should begin by trying to behave like a good boy, and before I knew what I was doing I should be smiting — hip and thigh, and making him as the princes were who perished at Endor. I hope you remember what *they* became? Look it up, and you will find what becomes of poeticles when they decompose into poetasters! So, you see, I had better leave him alone."

Swinburne's pleasure in fighting was a very marked and a very amusing trait in his conversation. He liked, at brief intervals, to have something to worry between the teeth of his discourse. He would allow himself to be drawn off the scent by any red herring of criticism. This mock irascibility, as of a miniature Boythorn, always struck me as having been deliberately modelled on the behavior of Walter Savage Landor. This impression was confirmed in rather a startling way by a phrase of Swinburne's own. He had been reading to me the MS. of his *George Chapman*, and after the reading was over, and we had passed to other things, Swinburne said, "Did you notice just now some pages of a rather Landorian character? Don't you think I was rather like the old lion, when he was using his teeth and claws, in my rending of the stage licensers and our crazy English censorial system?"

III.

The intellectual temperament of Swinburne is not to be apprehended

unless we remember that he was in grain an aristocrat. On the father's side he was directly descended from a feudal Border family, which, as long ago as the reign of Edward II., had produced a man of mark in Sir Adam de Swinburne. The poet never forgot the ancestral castle of Swinburne, which had passed from his forbears two centuries ago, never the fierce feuds and rattling skirmishes under the hard Northumbrian sky. He talked with freedom and with manifest pleasure of these vague mediaeval forefathers, of their bargaining and fighting with the Umfrevilles and the Fenwicks; of the unspeakable charm of their fastness at Capheaton, where so much of his own childhood was passed. But his interest in the Swinburnes seemed to be largely romantic and antiquarian. His connections on his mother's side were not less distinguished, but they were less ancient. The Ashburnhams were ennobled by William III., and their immediate founder had been a loyal groom of the bedchamber to Charles I. The poet's interest in their history began at the point where Lady Jane Ashburnham married Admiral Charles Swinburne in 1836, Algernon being born next year as their eldest son. He was not indisposed, however, in unemphatic retrospect, to recall the great houses of Ormonde, Anglesea, and Northumberland with which the blood of his mother brought him into direct connection. Probably a reminiscence of all this may occasionally be found to throw light on some otherwise cryptic lines in his poetry.

Of all his relatives, however, he spoke in those days most of two: his incomparable mother, invincible in tenderness and anxious care, and his somewhat formidable uncle, the fourth Earl. This nobleman was a book-collector of the fearless old fashion, and had formed, at a reckless cost, one of

the noblest libraries in England. Lord Ashburnham did not welcome visitors to his bookshelves, but he made a special, perhaps a unique, exception in favor of his nephew. Some of Swinburne's happiest days were spent among the almost fabulous treasures of the great house near Battle and he would return to London with dazzled eyes, babbling of illuminated bestiaries and old MS. romances in Burgundian French. There can be no doubt that Lord Ashburnham was one of the very few persons, if he was not the only one, of whom his nephew stood in awe. If the poet was fractious, the peer could be tumultuous, and I have been told that nowhere was Algernon so primly on his "p's and q's" as at Ashburnham. But a real affectionate appreciation existed between the old bibliophile and the glowing young poet. When Lord Ashburnham died, over eighty, in 1878, it was with sorrow as well as respect that his nephew mourned him.

Outside poetry, and, in lesser measure, his family life, Swinburne's interests were curiously limited. He had no "small talk" and during the discussion of the common topics of the day his attention at once flagged and fell off, the glazed eye betraying that the mind was far away. For science he had no taste whatever, and his lack of musical ear was a byword among his acquaintances. I once witnessed a practical joke played upon him, which made me indignant at the time, but which now seems innocent enough, and not without interest. A lady, having taken the rest of the company into her confidence, told Swinburne that she would render on the piano a very ancient Florentine ritornello which had just been discovered. She then played "Three Blind Mice," and Swinburne was enchanted. He found that it reflected to perfection the cruel beauty of the Medicis—which perhaps

it does. But this exemplifies the fact that all impressions with him were intellectual, and that an appeal to his imagination would gild the most common object with romance.

In the days I speak of Swinburne lived in large, rather empty rooms on the first floor of an old house in Great James Street, which used to remind me of one of Dickens's London houses in *Great Expectations* or *Little Dorrit*. But until the death of his father, who died at a great age in the early autumn of 1877, Swinburne always had a country home in Holmwood, near Henley-on-Thames. At Admiral Swinburne's death I think he stayed on with his mother at Holmwood till the end of that year. Such months on the banks of the Thames were always beneficial to his health, and he wrote there without interruption. I find a note (1875): "How exuberant S. always is when he comes back; it is partly pleasure at being in London again, and partly refreshment from his country captivity." Of his visits to the sea-coast of Norfolk and Suffolk others must speak, for I never had the pleasure of accompanying him.

When he came back from the country to town he was always particularly anxious to recite or read aloud his own poems. In doing this he often became very much excited, and even, in his overwhelming sense of the movement of the metre, would jump about the room in a manner somewhat embarrassing to the listener. His method of procedure was uniform. He would arrive at a friend's house with a breast-pocket obviously bulging with manuscript, but buttoned across his chest. After floating about the room and greeting his host and hostess with many little becks of the head, and affectionate smiles, and light wavings of the fingers, he would settle at last upright on a chair, or, by preference, on a sofa, and sit there in a state of rigid

immobility, the toe of one foot pressed against the heel of the other. Then he would say, in an airy, detached way, as though speaking of some absent person, "I have brought with me my 'Thalassius' or my 'Wasted Garden' (or whatever it might happen to be), which I have just finished." Then he would be folded again in silence, looking at nothing. We then were to say, "O do please read it to us! Will you?" Swinburne would promptly reply, "I had no intention in the world of boring you with it, but since you ask me—" and out would come the MS. I do not remember that there was ever any variation in this little ceremony, which sometimes preluded many hours of recitation and reading. His delivery, especially of his own poetry, was delightful as long as he sat quietly in his seat. His voice rose and fell monotonously, but with a flute-like note which was very agreeable, and the pulse of the rhythm was strongly yet delicately felt. I shall never forget the successive evenings on which he read *Bothwell* aloud in his lodgings, in particular one on which Burne-Jones, O'Shaughnessy, P. B. Marston, and I sat with him at his round marble-topped table—lighted only by candles in two giant candlesticks of serpentine he had brought from the Lizard—and heard him read the magnificent second act of that tragedy. He surpassed himself in vigor and melody of utterance that night. But sometimes, in reading, he lost control of his emotions, the sound became a scream, and he would dance about the room, the paper fluttering from his fingertips like a pennon in a gale of wind.

He was not, in my recollection, very ready to recite old published poems of his own, though always glad, and even imperiously anxious, to read new ones. Almost the only exception which I remember was in favor of "The Triumph of Time," a poem which Swinburne de-

liberately impressed upon me, and doubtless upon other friends as well, as being, in a very peculiar sense, a record of personal experience. It was always difficult to know where the frontier ran between hard fact and Swinburne's mind illuminated by a sweeping limelight of imagination. He had a real love of truth, but no certain recognition of fact. Unless, however, he curiously deceived himself, a set of very definite emotions and events is embalmed in "The Triumph of Time," of which I have more than once heard him chant fragments with extraordinary poignancy. On these occasions his voice took on strange and life-like notes, extremely moving and disconcerting, since he was visibly moved himself. The sound of Swinburne wailing forth in his thrilling semitones such stanzas as that addressed to the Sea:—

I shall sleep, and move with the moving
ships,

Change as the winds change, veer in
the tide;

My lips will feast on the foam of thy
lips,

I shall rise with thy rising, with thee
subside;

Sleep, and not know if she be, if she
were,

Filled full with life to the eyes and
hair,

As a rose is fulfilled to the roseleaf
tips

With splendid summer and perfume
and pride,

is something which will not fade out of
memory as long as life lasts; and, per-
haps most of all, in the recitation of
the last four of the following very
wonderful verses:—

I shall go my ways, tread out my
measure,

Fill the day of my daily breath
With fugitive things not good to
treasure,

Do as the world doth, say as it saith;

But if we had loved each other—O
 sweet,
 Had you felt, lying under the palms of
 your feet,
 The heart of my heart, beating harder
 with pleasure
 To feel you tread it to dust and
 death,

Swinburne seemed to achieve, or to go far towards achieving, an entirely novel and original form of expression. His whole body shook with passion, his head hung on one side with the eyes uplifted, his tongue seemed burdened by the weight of the syllables, and in the concentrated emphasis of his slow utterance he achieved something like the real Delphic ecstasy, the transfiguration of the Pythia quivering on her tripod. It was surpassingly strange, but it was without a touch of conscious oddity or affectation. It was a case of poetic "possession," pure and simple.

IV.

Swinburne was a prodigious worker, and the bulk of his productions in prose and verse is the more surprising since the act of writing was extremely disagreeable to him, as, we may remember, it was to Wordsworth. He should have been an improvisatore. I brought him once a picture of the Swedish poet Bellmann, whose genius (a hundred years earlier) had a certain resemblance to his own. Bellmann was represented with a lute, improvising his verses in the open air. "Ah!" said Swinburne, "that is what I should like to do! I should like to stand on a promontory in Sark, in the full blaze of the sun, and shout my verses till all the gulls came fawning to my feet. That would be better than scraping and spluttering over a filthy pen." In spite of a real physical difficulty in writing, however, Swinburne got through an astonishing amount. In the autumn of 1874, for instance, I find he was finishing *Bothwell*; he was prepar-

ing a volume of essays for the press; he was composing lyrics for a volume to be called "Songs in Time of Change," and then "Poems of Revolution" (ultimately, I suppose, "Songs of Two Nations"); he was writing criticism of Poe and Blake (which did not, I think, please him enough to be printed); he was busy with a book about Chapman; and he was engaged on a revival of Wells's *Joseph and his Brethren*. In connection with the last-mentioned I remember his showing me the recast he was making of an essay on Wells he had written in 1861, and he said, "At all events, I can write better prose now than I could then."

The habit of centenaries had not seized the British public thirty-five years ago. The anniversary of Landor's birth passed quite unobserved, and even Swinburne did not recollect the date till the day itself, when he was at Holmwood, and could do nothing. He was extremely vexed; oddly enough, he had always believed Landor to be two or three years older than he was, and he had taken for granted that the centenary had passed. However, it providentially transpired that Charles Lamb was born only eleven days later than Landor, so on the 1st of February, 1875, Swinburne came up to town, with delightful fussiness, on purpose to organize a Lamb dinner. So far as I know, it was the only time in his life that he ever "organized" anything. He was magnificent; very grave and important; and he smoothed over the awkward circumstance of his having forgotten (for the moment) his own beloved Landor by saying that the same libations might fitly and gracefully be mingled in an affectionate remembrance of the two great men. Landor, however, was ultimately merged in Lamb, in whose honor a very small group ate a mediocre dinner in a Soho tavern on the 10th of February. We were only five,

If I recollect rightly, the others being Mr. Theodore Watts, our ardent and sanguine William Minto (whose bright life burned out untimely some sixteen years ago), and a curious friend of Swinburne's, Thomas Purnell, always to me rather a disturbing element. Swinburne was in the chair, and I never saw him look better in health. He took upon himself an air of public dignity which pre-supposed the idea that our little banquet was, symbolically, a large public affair; and when Purnell "went too far," as people say, it was wonderful to hear Swinburne recall him to a more decorous choice of language. I feel as if there had been "speeches"; but that is merely caused by a recollection of the very high grade along which the conversation moved until the waiters turned us out into the street.

Of the relations between Swinburne and Browning something should, I believe, be put on record. In the earliest times the former had shared the pre-Raphaelite enthusiasm for what Browning had published up to *Men and Women*. But the two poets came into no personal contact, and I think that Swinburne's natural instinct was not attracted to Browning's personality. When, in 1874, I began eagerly to talk of the elder to the younger poet, my zeal was checked by Swinburne's courteous indifference. He found no pleasure whatever in Browning's plays nor much, which astonished me, in his lyrics. Yet there was no aversion, and when we came to "The Ring and the Book," Swinburne's praise was unaffected. Moreover, he more and more warmly admired the series of psychological studies beginning with *Fifine at the Fair*. "This," he said, "is far better than anything Browning has yet written. Here is his true province." The result of this development of taste was the page of almost extravagant laudation in the *George Chapman* of

1875, which amazed some of Swinburne's friends, and bewildered Browning himself as much as it gratified him. But, unfortunately, in 1877, at the height of Swinburne's violent controversy with the New Shakespeare Society, Browning accepted the presidency of that body. This gave Swinburne not merely mortal offence, but great and lasting pain, and no invectives became too sharp for him in speaking of Browning. It distressed me beyond measure that such a misunderstanding should exist between men whom I loved and venerated, and I ventured to tell Browning how much Swinburne was hurt. He was, of course, entirely innocent of all intentional offence, expressed himself shocked, and begged me to explain to Swinburne how little any intention of slighting him had crossed his mind. At the same time, for my private ear, Browning suggested that one's conduct really could not be regulated by the dread lest some eminent person one scarcely knew might disapprove of it. I did what I could, not without some success, to moderate Swinburne's anger, but the damage was done. There was a native incompatibility between the two poets which prevented either of them from according complete justice to the other. The character of Browning had the breadth of a lake, which is sometimes swept by storms; that of Swinburne, the unceasing impetuosity of a mountain torrent.

Before his fortieth year there had set in a curious ossification of Swinburne's intellect. He ceased to form new impressions, while reverting with all his former exuberance to the old. This was extraordinary in one who had waved the banner of rebellion and had led youthful enthusiasm so heroically when it affected writers just earlier than himself. Whether he changed his tone in familiar talk later on I do not know, but certainly between 1874 and

1884 he showed no intelligent comprehension whatever of the new elements in literature. He was absolutely indifferent to Stevenson, to Ibsen, to Dostoleffsky, each of whom was pressed upon his notice, and his hostility to Zola was grotesque. In 1877 *L'Assommoir* was published periodically in a Paris review called, I think, *La Republique des Lettres*, a journal which had languished from the first, and now expired in its third volume. Swinburne attributed, of course jocosely, the fact of its failure to the effect of a most dignified protest against Zola which he had printed somewhere. I remember his ecstasy, and his expression of a belief (which proved quite unfounded) that Zola would never dare to publish another page. This attitude to the French Naturalists was unusual. Swinburne's native temper was generous and kind, and the idea of attacking a genuine talent of any species would have been dreadful to him. But he did not think that Stevenson—to take a particularly distressing instance—had any talent, and he was therefore silent about what he wrote. It was curious, however, to note that Swinburne was always capable of being affected along straight lines of reminiscence. At the very moment when he was hewing at the French realists, root and branch, he spoke to me with generous approval of one of the least gifted and most extreme of them all, Léon Cladel. I was greatly astonished, but the mystery was soon explained. Cladel had attacked Napoléon III. with peculiar virulence, and he was an open worshipper of Victor Hugo. No matter how Zolaesque his stories might be, he had these two unquestionable claims on Swinburne's approbation.

The Fortnightly Review.

There is no doubt that a wonderful aura of charm hung about the person of this astonishing man of genius. Swinburne might be absurd; he could not fail to be distinguished. He might be quixotic; he was never mean or timid or dull. He represented, in its most flamboyant shape, revolt against the concessions and the hypocrisies of the mid-Victorian era, "this ghastly, thin-faced time of ours." An extraordinary exhilaration accompanied his presence, something uplifted, extravagant, and yet unselfish. No one has ever lived who loved poetry more passionately, found in it more inexhaustible sources of pleasure, cultivated it more thoroughly for itself, more sincerely for nothing which it might be persuaded to offer as a side-issue. Half Swinburne's literary influence depended upon little, unregarded matters, such as his unflinching attitude of worship towards the great masters, his devotion to unpopular causes, his uncompromising arrogance in the face of conventionality. It is becoming difficult to recapture even the thrill he caused by his magic use of "unpoetic" monosyllables, such as "bloat," "pinch," "rind," "fang," "wince," embedded in the very heart of his ornate melody. But his meteoric flight across the literary heavens, followed by the slow and dignified descent of the glimmering shower of sparks, will long excite curiosity, even when the sensation it caused has ceased to be quite intelligible. Yet those who stood under the apparition, and stared in amazement at its magnificent audacity, must not be over-much surprised if a generation is arising that fails to comprehend what the phenomenon meant to the original spectators.

Edmund Gosse.

NEW SIGNS IN RUSSIA.

One needs to have lived in Russia and watched her changing politics on the spot for most of the last five years to see how deep is her vitality. Allowing that hers is a young people whose bruises mend sooner than the broken bones of the grown-up world, her recovery is yet surprising in its extent and in its early advent. Most of all are notable the first steps that Russia is taking now in her will to remain one empire and to outlive her enemies.

When the two Dumas of revolution had gone their way; when the melodrama of terrorism gradually subsided through failure to attract—the governing temper among Russians having decided that it would rather try to cure its own ills than be ruled from the gutters—the easiest thing to say was that the “old gang” had again got the nation by the throat. It has not proved to be the case. The first Duma, the “constituent assembly,” which went to Viborg and passed its resolution calling on the nation to refuse taxes to the Treasury and conscripts to desert the Army, had its influence on the change. It helped to teach the Russian peasant to distinguish between brave words and the facts of life. “I can call spirits from the vasty deep!” quoth the Duma. “So can I,” reflected the sceptic. “But they won’t come!”

That was three summers ago. The man to whom the Duma’s challenge of civil war was then addressed, M. Stolypin, stood his ground. The emergency had produced the man. Three months before he was governor of the province of Saratoff, an unknown personality to the ordinary citizen accustomed to look for new Ministers in the senior bureaucracy, or among the political visitors of the Tsar. Public sentiment was on a mounting, emotional wave; all abuses were to be swept away; for the new

Duma was the most revolutionary Parliament elected anywhere in the past hundred years. It was the first fruit of Count Witte’s amazing experiment in choosing an elective council, intended to co-operate harmoniously with the Tsar, by universal suffrage of all the nationalities who had lived under his absolute rule. The worst of the coming storm was bound to burst on the Minister of the Interior, whoever he might be. He had to be the target for everybody with a grievance. It was a sound instinct of the few Conservatives who then kept their heads to put M. Durnovo, then Count Witte’s Minister of the Interior, and for long the embodiment of the principles of government by administrative order, out of office altogether and to find a new man to face the Duma.

They paid M. Stolypin the compliment of offering him the post of danger. He had none of the accustomed claims to Imperial favor, not even long service as a *tehnovnik*. He was under forty-five years old; he had not graduated as a militant Crown Prosecutor in the way that M. de Plehve had won the confidence of the Imperial household in the campaign against Nihilism that followed the assassination of Alexander II.; he had not any of Count Witte’s international reputation for resourcefulness in money-raising; nor had he, like General Trepoff, a soldier’s record as body-guard to his Sovereign. But he was a self-reliant man, the younger son of a country squire, and he had made his way without asking favors. In the large southern province of Saratoff he was liked in a respectful, trusting way; for he kept a vigilant eye and a firm hand on his subordinates. He settled questions on the spot without referring to headquarters at St. Petersburg. The only

trouble now remembered of those days sprang from an impulsive gesture such as occasionally dominates his full-blooded temperament. A crowd of small traders came to the Governor's house to tell him that a "pogrom" was being hatched against them. They wished to get out of the town with their families, and they could not trust the police escort. M. Stolypin told them to come with him. He mounted a horse and headed the procession from the town. His intervention was not so effective as he wished, for while he and the leaders were hit only with casual missiles the rear of the exodus was unmercifully belabored.

His first appearances in the Duma promised little of the great talent and tenacity that he developed in his Premiership. He showed temper. M. Goremykin, a wealthy good-natured old gentleman, who tried to forget the Duma by never going near it, was his titular chief. Ministers were expected to treat the ragings of Russia's first Parliament with supercilious nonchalance. This did not suit the young Minister of the Interior at all. The only memory that remains now of those turbulent scenes, apart from the vehement clamor of the Group of Toil, the Social Revolutionaries, and the Social Democrats for a Communist Republic, is a mental picture of M. Stolypin's big, muscular frame, erect in the orator's tribune shouting back to his tormentors. Like other Russian officers of State he had never before had occasion to address an Assembly which had the right to interrupt him. Public speaking of any kind was the last ordeal that any Administrator was expected to go through. His headstrong temperament impelled him to let the graces of Ministerial decorum look after themselves; he preferred to exhort the elect of all the people so faithfully that they shouted back at him "Enough!" The hectoring tones of his strong voice were

probably due to nervousness, for in those days, at any rate, he showed himself a highly strung man. Under his wide, prominent brow, his deep-set, dark eyes had always an intense glow of life. His sanguine, red and white complexion did not help him to play the sphinx; he flushed and clenched his fist at the revolutionaries' attacks. His full Slavonic lips and jet black hair and beard completed the picture of the big man—a natural, passionate man.

All the while he was keeping his own counsel. Although he was not then Prime Minister he was trusted by the Tsar's private advisers to decide the proper time to ring down the curtain on the first Duma. He came to the conclusion after a six weeks' trial of its oratory that the effects were wholly evil; in particular he made sure by reports from the provinces that its claim to have the peasantry and the army ready to fight on its side was completely false. He let it ordain the compulsory expropriation of all landed property, the amnesty of all prisoners, and the autonomy for all non-Russian nationalities in the empire. After that token of its intentions he closed its doors. The same day he was appointed Prime Minister, while remaining Minister of the Interior. He set to work forthwith on the prosecution of the policy which in three years has brought his country to good order and a fair prospect of prosperity.

M. Stolypin has acted on the conviction, shared by many foreigners who have lived much among Russians and like them cordially, that of the two charges commonly brought against all Russian administration of cruelty and corruption, the latter is the greater danger. There are about a hundred and fifty million Russians who are neither gaolers nor in gaol. Their general sentiment regarding the administration of the law is that a criminal trial usually proceeds with considerable

fairness, but that any litigant who finds himself trying to get redress in the civil courts will find an empty purse a terrible handicap. Venality is the worse curse to the country from the fact that so little business of any kind can be transacted except through the intermediary of Government departments. The pessimism of the average man, his shoulder-shrugging doubts whether anything in Russia would ever get better, rested usually on the common belief that the all-pervading bureaucracy would continue to defeat him. He could prosper only by paying a tribute to it.

The whole commercial community was at the mercy of the State Railway Department. The chiefs of sections in Russia's nationalized ways and communications needed no lessons from America in the art of receiving valuable consideration for the granting of secret rebates to their customers. No business man in Russia had any chance until he "saw" the right person. It is recorded that an agent of a foreign house who had been forbidden by his principals to make any personal payments in advance was able to sell a mechanical appliance to the Railway Department. It had to be bought, as his firm owned the sole patent rights. But he left a bad impression in Government railway circles. When he called on the chief of the Department, and, holding out his hand, exclaimed: "How can I thank you for giving us the contract?" the other looked in his empty palm and answered coldly: "Since the invention of paper currency I find your question wholly out of place."

The systematized corruption was at its worst during the Manchurian campaign and the subsequent social revolts in the provinces. Everything was subordinated to the strategic employment of the railways. Anything loaded on a train ostensibly for a military commis-

sariat would reach its destination carriage free. The opportunity was too tempting to be missed. The market speculators in forage, rations, even horses, made their terms with the traffic managers and their merchandise was franked through to Irkutsk, there to be sold on the open Siberian market, leaving both the Army and the Treasury duped and the honest business community disgusted.

The successive official Ministers of Ways and Communications were powerless. The late Prince Khilkoff was a master of locomotive science and transported an army of a million men across the Trans-Siberian railroad without a hitch; but he never knew or had the means of knowing the book-keeping of his traffic department. His successor, General Schaufuss, by profession a military engineer, was appointed for the specific purpose of having always in readiness a corps of military locomotive engineers in case of a renewal of a general railway strike. It was left for M. Stolypin to make the really suitable appointment. His new Minister of State Railways, M. Roukhloff, was trained in the penitentiary department of the Ministry of the Interior, and is an ex-chief Inspector of Prisons. He now exercises disciplinary control over his present department, which has been submitted to "Senatorial Revision" by order of the Prime Minister.

This process, akin to a Government Court of Inquiry in England, is being applied drastically to the railways, the commissariat, the admiralty, the police department of Moscow, and the administration of Turkestan. The Senators' Court compels the presence of persons and papers, takes evidence on oath, and makes a judicial report in the nature of an indictment of the guilty persons whom it names for the Government to prosecute. Its proceedings so far have been as fearless, conscientious, and

thorough as that of any State inquiry in a country governed by public opinion. It is chiefly by such energetic persistence in stamping out corrupt officialdom that M. Stolypin has at last won the goodwill of non-political Russians.

For a year past the fair-minded influences in the reform movement have given him a general support. The rabid communists are still implacable; but it is on the extreme right wing of politics that the Premier's bitterest enemies have gathered. They are described by M. Alexander Gutchkoff, the leader of the centre party, the most numerous in the present Duma, as a three-fold combination. There is the camarilla of private visitors at the Tsar's Court, whose methods have been frustrated by M. Stolypin's open, above-board ways. Its members, moreover, have lost social status since the deaths of the Grand Dukes Alexis and Vladimir, and the withdrawal of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nikolaievitch from the Committee of Imperial Defence. But they have sunk their mutual jealousies and worked with a will to undermine the new *régime*. Their closest allies are "the old gang" of the Russian bureaucracy, adherents of the system that was in full sway so few years ago, many of them ambitious men still in their vigorous age. They include a resolute administrator in M. Durnovo who invented the system of political police which his successor inherited; Count Witte, untiring and resourceful in his schemes for the overthrow of any Ministry in which he is not the ruling spirit; M. Goremykin, the favorite politician of the old country party, of the provincial nobility councils. In the ante-reform days he led the opposition to Count Witte's centralizing devices for raising fresh revenue. Now adversity has prevailed on them to make common cause. The third element in the ultra-Monarchist opposi-

tion to M. Stolypin has come from a group of the large landowners who wish to return to the days when they were satraps in their provinces, and the official Governors sent down from St. Petersburg obediently did their behests.

There are more desperate elements in the opposition. Angry, superseded officials, many of them waiting their trial on charges of corruption, are fighting with the bitter knowledge that the continuance of the new order means their final extinction. And yet M. Stolypin is helped by his enemies. It needed some expression of their heartfelt hatred to convince the generality of his countrymen that at last they had a Government that was reforming the administration in earnest. In the weary, unspectacular process of upholding order, the Premier has in these last three years been brought much in contact with the Tsar. The least courtier-like of men has won the confidence and hearts of the Imperial family. All politics aside the great independent factors in the empire have given their goodwill to his honest energy and loyal character. Best of all his personality and administration are trusted by the army.

The principle on which the new Russian internal policy is founded is the consolidation of the peasantry with the army, the development of each to make both the stronger. "If agriculture goes to ruin, then the empire goes to ruin, without a shot being fired," is a dictum that M. Stolypin holds with von Moltke. When the Government's Land Bill was introduced in the Duma, the Premier announced that he intended to "legislate for the strong." By "the strong," he spoke of the people who were able and willing to work. The Bill proposed to abolish the communal ownership of village property, and to establish the individual freehold of the peasant occupier. Unless that were

done, he held that the rural population of Russia was doomed. As a good conservator, he had to lop off the withered branch, and the ancient Commune must go.

The prospect at first offended the sentiment that dwelt kindly on the spectacle of the village *mir*, the parent germ of the State considered as one family organized under paternal authority. The idealogues had expatiated on its moral beauty, the spirit that should breathe life into and inspire the only true Russian system and its head the Little Father, autocrat of Church and State alike.

But the realities were far otherwise. With the growth of peasant families and the stagnation of farming methods, the agricultural community was threatened with irremediable dilapidation. The practical men on the land agreed that this was so, and the Bill passed its second reading in the Duma by a large majority. Its bitterest opponents were the Social Democrats, who saw in the disappearance of the village Commune the loss of their pet model for the compulsory expropriation of all private landowners. What is to happen, they cried, to the poor villagers who cannot live except by the help that the Commune has compelled their stronger neighbors to give them? M. Stolypin answered again that he was legislating for the fit; that the creation of an independent population of yeomen farmers, who could employ the less fit as their farm hands, was infinitely preferable to letting the old system drag on.

A notable step has already been taken towards holding the army and the land together. The Ministers of War and Agriculture have joined in preparing a scheme for instructing the soldier conscripts in farming. The drift of the young population in Russia towards the towns is not visible to anything like the degree one notices in

western Europe; but it will be one of the consequences of the breaking up of the communes. To meet that eventuality the Government has undertaken to teach the recruits, of whom it raises about half a million a year, almost all of them from the country, a trade which should support them after they have gone to the reserve. There is nothing stupid or clumsy about the Russian peasant, nothing of the yokel of caricature, except his shock of hair and primitive garb. He is apt at many things and easily taught. His physical toughness is not exceeded anywhere. He has the solid military virtue of faith in authority and discipline, and reverence for his monarch. He has to be saved from the beggarly economic fate that agriculture, as practised hitherto, has usually reserved for him.

Teachers have been provided to give the troops general and special tuition in farming. The general elementary course is given to all; the special lessons to those who volunteer to take them. The soldiers are instructed in the life and cultivation of plants, in the preparation of the soil; the art of sowing and the rotation of crops; harvesting and storing; the preparation of winter fodder and of pasture lands; the tending of cattle, of vegetables, of fruit. Even improved bee-keeping is taught. To help the soldiers' memories and to encourage their continued interest after they have left the ranks, the Government has prepared for them booklets on farming and forestry. It offers a number of premiums in each province to former soldiers who get the best results from their land, and who, by their example, raise the standard among their neighbors. The scheme commends itself the more to the Government because the teachers themselves are included in the army. Revolutionary exhortations are not likely to get mixed up with precepts on husbandry.

The land cultivators are being helped in another way. In Russia the State is a great buyer of produce. Its Commissariat Department has for long dominated the whole market. The "revision" to which it is subjected, although aimed primarily at correcting its abuses, has already prepared the way for better things. The system adopted usually by the Government agents was to deal with a ring of speculators who paid a commission of ten per cent. for the business that was put in their way. It was of such volume, and the speculating agents were so well organized that they crushed all other influences in fixing prices. Farmers had to take their figures or run a great risk of not disposing of their produce at all. M. Stolypin and the Minister of Agriculture have now stopped that. They have made an arrangement with the *Zemstvos*, the representative councils embracing all grades of the landed interest, to be the recognized medium for furnishing the Commissariat with reports on the amount of local supplies and the prices that govern the local business. On this foundation a system of agricultural associations is growing up. They become security for capital invested in the land, for agricultural machinery, seed and stock. The largest of these, the Volga-Kama Association, comprises estate owners, farmers and peasants. It covers the provinces of Kasan, Samara, Saratoff, Simbirsk, Pensa and Ufa.

All the tendency of these changes is to break down the power in the social life of the country of the State functionary, the creation of Count Witte's *régime*. Although it was he who extended the Government ownership of the railways in Russia and made the Government the sole distiller and vendor of alcohol, he never set himself up as the champion of the view that the State should economically be the best head of the industries conducted within

its boundaries. What he felt was that fields of employment must be thrown open for the moneyless educated youth which the turbulent universities were letting loose year after year. He drafted them by the thousands into the subordinate ranks of the civil service; new departments were created to absorb them. When the system could swallow no more the angry youth left outside preached revolutionary socialism with such zest that they secured the strike of the State railway employees and the complete paralysis of the Government machine. As a political consummation this seemed fatal to Count Witte's career. He was released from office by the Tsar, without the customary words of thanks. But the country is young and has survived the ordeal. The Count himself declares that he is not yet done with; and he has reappeared as the brain of the combination that is contriving pitfalls for M. Stolypin.

The vulnerable point as revealed so far in the Prime Minister's equipment as the strong man of a quasi-autocracy is his temperamental inclination to browbeat his adversaries. For his chastening they sought to devise a crisis on the question of establishing a Naval General Staff. All parties to the quarrel favored the proposal. The casuistry that was able to find a principle on which to do battle recalls the days of that valiant, obscurantist warrior, the late M. Pobledonostzeff. The Government, with the Imperial assent, introduced into the Duma a Bill sanctioning the required expenditure. There arose on the extreme right an out-and-out champion of autocracy pure and simple, M. Markoff, who declared that the Duma was treasonably usurping the Monarch's prerogative in daring to discuss any matter connected with Imperial Defence. M. Markoff found few to back him in the Duma, but by the time the Bill reached the

Council of Empire all the interests which had been disturbed by the vigor of M. Stolypin's new broom banded together to denounce him as a dangerous man. It needed the votes of the Cabinet, which never before had been cast, to get the Bill through the Council. Finally the Tsar decided not to affix his signature.

Meanwhile a study of the fundamental laws which control the Duma's activities convinced the Prime Minister and most other people that the sections dealing with the control of the national defences were much wanting in precision. The Tsar and M. Stolypin came to an agreement that the latter, with his Ministers of War and Marine, should draw up an interpretation of the section. Thus the rebuff to the Premier, which his enemies had so carefully prepared, failed. The Min-

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ister survived with his strength unimpaired.

Taken all in all, the play of forces in Russia points assuredly to regeneration and improvement. The revival of Russia's patriotism is genuine and spontaneous. The virile sense of the average man is heartily sick of being cursed at and prayed for by foreign humanitarian doctrinaires. He has heard enough, moreover, from his own fellow subjects of the superior cultures and virtues of Poles and Finns and Baltic Teutons; and the campaign of disintegration has ended in the uprising of a powerful nationalist Russian movement. It is the revulsion of sound instinct against sham reasoning. The thorough conviction of the country is turning cordially to M. Stolypin in his determination to keep Russia one and make her strong.

Frederick Rennet.

SALEH: A SEQUEL.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD.

XVII.

But at the end of the first ten days untoward events began to occur. Baker had silently determined to give his new assistant so much law,—so much and no more. You cannot spend the hours of the night in high Malay society on one bank of a river and next day attend office and do the work required of you satisfactorily upon the opposite bank; and Saleh, naturally enough, had devoted himself more successfully to play than to toil. On a certain day Baker called him into his office.

"Look here, Tungku," he said. "I want to speak to you. This place is a work-producing machine, and every one of us is a cog in the wheel. Each cog has got to take its share of the strain. At present you are sagging loose. That's not the game. Understand?"

Saleh did understand, but he was not pleased either with the matter or the style of Baker's address. During the past few days he had become more deeply impressed than ever before with the fact that he was the son of the King, the heir to the throne, and a person deserving of a full measure of consideration. All these things were true; and Baker, who was well used to dealing with Malayan royalty,—the ordinary unadulterated brand,—would have been the first to recognize their force, had not the whole issue been confused for him. When a sensitive Malay raja, of all but the very first rank, occupies the anomalous position of your junior assistant, and speaks to you in English almost as perfect as your own, you are perhaps hardly to be blamed if you regard him primarily as your junior assistant, and treat him as such small fry

are treated in the cub-chastening Civil Services of the East.

"Yes, I understand," said Saleh, sulkily and resentfully.

"Therefore, my son," Baker continued, "I am going to put you on to a job that will give you something to do, mentally and physically, — principally physically. I want you to go up the coast—it's a matter of fifty miles—to Kuāla Bāyong. You can annex a boat of sorts there, and make your way up the river. There are a lot of arrears of land rents to be recovered, the jungle produce collections to be taken over from the village headmen, and one or two complaints to be inquired into. The work will take about a fortnight or three weeks, and I haven't got the time to spare myself. You had better start to-morrow."

Saleh had no alternative but to obey. It took him and the parasites nearly a week, however, to make their preparations, and during that time there was much talk in and out of Saleh's presence about the indignity which Tūan Baker had put upon him.

The journey was an abominable experience. Saleh and the mob of followers who had decided to attend him made their way up the coast, sometimes along endless stretches of burning sand against which the sea lapped with a sleepy monotonous whisper, sometimes along the narrow footpath which threaded a tortuous course between the gnarled trunks of the *casuarina* trees that fringed the shore; now floundering through evil-smelling mangrove-swamps, again wading breast-deep through rivers, or tight-rope along logs felled across narrower streams. To Saleh it was all a labor of Hercules, —the merciless sun, the plodding toll of monotonous exertion, the drenching sweat that trickled into his eyes, the sand into which his feet sank, the swamps which stained his clothing ink-black, and at the back of all the men-

ory that he, the heir of the Kingdom, was enduring these miseries at the bidding of a white District Officer in order to collect coppers from a reluctant peasantry to help to fill the overflowing Treasury.

"*Ta' pātut!* It is not fitting!" said the parasites at every turn, as, wrung themselves by the unaccustomed exertion, they witnessed with keen sympathy, and even keener disapproval, the labors and the sufferings of their prince; and the phrase found a ready echo in poor Saleh's heart. It was not fitting, it was abominable, outrageous, that he, *he*, Iang Mullia Rāja Muhammad Saleh, a scion of a Royal House, should be called upon in any circumstances to perform "coolie work" such as this! The whole idea of the thing was inexpressibly offensive.

Young English District Officers, men like Baker and his fellows, were wont to welcome the chance of similar expeditions as a delightful release from drudgery in office. The interests of the District and its people usually became with them a species of monomania, and they were never happier than when travelling through it, giving a word of advice here, a word of warning there, admonishing a village headman, sanctioning a remission of taxes where crops had failed, listening patiently to long-tangled stories told by men little skilled in the use of words, who yet had some real grievance to disclose, helping in half a hundred ways to advance the material, and in a measure the moral, welfare of the countryside which was their charge. Baker, Saleh learned, had done that tramp from Kuāla Pelesu to Kuāla Bāyong, that fifty miles of unspeakable sand and swamp, often and often in a couple of days,—five and twenty miles to the march,—and afterwards had been a better and a sounder man in body and mind therefor. Yet Saleh and his people loitered over the same piece of

country during a five days' journey, and every member of the party, far from deriving enjoyment from the experience, saw in each additional furlong, in each new obstacle, a fresh indignity to their prince.

The trip up the Bûyong river, though this was accomplished by boat, was hardly more inspiring. The place swarmed with mosquitoes, who greeted Saleh, not as a seasoned native, but as a new-comer from Europe, and feasted upon him with much satisfaction. The people were obsequious to their prince, and allowed his followers to pillage them at pleasure. The parasites, declining to regard the expedition as a visit paid to the District by a Government officer, transformed it as nearly as possible into a royal progress, and clung closely to the tradition that such peregrinations should result in much loot. Unknown to Saleh, they rifled the hen-coops, made open love to the wives and daughters of the villagers, and slaughtered goats at every halting-place. They also compelled the terror-stricken people to bring buffaloes and other gifts to Saleh, who had no notion that these were not voluntary offerings which could not be declined without offence. It seemed to the parasites and to the villagers that the "good old days" or the "bad old times"—the description depended upon the individual point of view—had returned once more!

As for the work which Saleh had been sent to perform, that he left to Krâni Uda, his principal follower, for he could not bring himself to squeeze arrears of taxes out of these indigent people; and Krâni Uda, secure in the ignorance of the peasants, took care that payment was made in full, with something over for the benefit of the tax-collector. Of all of which things Saleh remained in perfect innocence, for the natives, who would have approached a white man with their complaints with the utmost confidence,

were held dumb by their inherited fear of a prince of the blood. Besides, royal progresses in the District, as every old man could tell them, had always been conducted upon similar lines.

When Saleh got back to Bandar Bharu,—he had been absent for some seven weeks, to the unspeakable disgust of Baker,—he was speedily followed by a host of complaints from the inhabitants of the stricken valley, and Baker had to rush off to Bûyong on his own account to prosecute the necessary inquiries. On his return he had an interview with Saleh, from which that unhappy scion of royalty emerged livid, limp, and weeping. The conversation had this time been conducted in the vernacular, which lends itself to pungent and forcible expression, and Baker, on occasion, had a tongue to raise blisters. He brushed Saleh's tearful protestations of innocence and ignorance of his followers' actions aside with a curt "Then thou must be a person lacking all intelligence!" and the quotation of a rather coarse vernacular proverb anent pupils outdoing their masters. He concluded by saying that Saleh's allowance would be docked of an amount sufficient to pay ample compensation to those who had suffered, adding that, as a lesson to Saleh, he had computed the damage done on as liberal a scale as possible.

Saleh for the moment was cowed and crushed, but later resentment was the sentiment to which the incident chiefly gave birth. Who, after all, was Baker? What earthly right had he to interfere between the people of Pelesu and the râjas to whom they owed hereditary loyalty and allegiance? What business had he, an alien, an interloper, a man who made his living out of a country upon which he had no possible claim, to use language such as he had held in his interview with one of that country's hereditary rulers? The expedition had been forced upon him,

Saleh felt, not sought by him, and most of the offerings made to him, he was still convinced, had been voluntary tokens of fealty. From this time onward Saleh found himself more than ever *laudator temporis acti*, more than ever discontented with the present, daily in conflict more and more acute with the dominion of the white men in the land.

"And by all that's impossible, this is what the Resident sends me when I apply for an Assistant!" stormed Baker to his friend the Medical Officer. "A pretty Assistant, upon my soul! Of all the lunatic businesses that I have ever struck in this Bedlam of an East, this is the most insane! Still, here he is, and here, I suppose, the young man has got to bide; but I shan't send him on any more out-district work. I shall put him on to the accounts, and I can only pray that the devil won't move him to rob the till."

So, as one of the results of his fiasco, poor Saleh was presently condemned to the most uninteresting of all branches of Government business, the management of a small Sub-Treasury; but the expedition bore other fruit. Saleh brought back with him from that mosquito-haunted river the seeds of malarial fever,—not the mild, chronic malaria to which most Malays are more or less subject, a disease that for the most part works little harm, but the virulent, pernicious tertian, which is generally reserved exclusively for the entertainment of Europeans. Once more the English were to blame. The denationalization of Saleh they had attempted: the declimatization of him they had achieved. In the former case the success attained had been only very partial, in the latter it was far more complete; yet those responsible for the insensate experiment, it seems to me, were only less to be congratulated on their achievement than their luckless victim.

XVIII.

Malignant malaria of this particular type, it is popularly supposed by the natives of the distracted heat-belt, is sent as a special dispensation—by that Providence which notoriously tempers the wind to the shorn lamb—for the chastening of the otherwise insupportable energy of the white man. Lacking some such *salutary check* as this imposes upon the European's morbid appetite for toil—which includes a desire to make all mankind partake, in equal measure with himself, of a full share of work,—the tropics, it is thought, would speedily be rendered unfit for habitation by the races whom Nature has taught from the beginning to live by her aid, and so living, to idolize Ease. But malignant malaria is one of Nature's watch-dogs, set to guard her shrine and to punish intruders upon its peace. It seizes the strongest in its jaws, shakes him till his teeth chatter, and when it has had its will of him, casts him aside, spent, shattered, feeble in mind and body, and whimpering like a little child. Some—and their number is past all counting—are broken once and for all; others gather themselves together after a space, and carry on the struggle, albeit with a certain new sobriety and caution; but let the victim be ever so energetic, ever so full of vitality and force, he bears the scars and the memory of that encounter with him to his grave.

Saleh, in the natural course of things, ought not to have been exposed to any such ordeal, and Nature, in mistaking him for a white man, showed something less than her usual perspicacity. The lad, in truth, had no great store of superabundant energy and vitality of which to be purged. None the less, he suffered, not like a Malay, but like any other newly imported stranger. Nature, ruthless as is her wont, milked the manhood out of him with both her busy hands, racked him with aches and

pains, shattered him with chills, scorched him with the fever fires, pursued him with despairing visions, and hag-rode him without mercy. All the men and women whom he had known in life, all the stories and legends that he had ever heard, all the sensations which he had experienced, all the facts which he had learned,—but each one of these things contorted and distorted wonderfully,—danced through his mind in a tangle of combinations, intricate, incongruous, inconsequent, monstrous, but informed throughout by a deadly but elusive logic. At times it would be Alice Fairfax, hideously transformed, her personality subtly interwoven with a Complaint from a Native Chief, a severe Pain in the Head and Back, a Rudeness of Baker's and the *Pons Asinorum*, proving with clarion din that the angles at the base of the Color Question are a Pair of enormous Boots in which two microscopic feet wander and lose their way. At other times the vision would change to some combination even more intricate, even more harassing,—people, places, facts, inanimate objects, and even sensations welding together in ghastly, brain-stretching conglomerates, instinct with individuality and personality, strikingly human, yet torturingly inhuman and impossible. The barriers which divide the worlds of idea, sensation, and reality seemed to have been thrown down. The mind had become a wilderness overrun by hordes of unruly imaginings, masterless, panic-driven, maddened, maddening; but under all, trampled upon by all, spurned by all, tossed hither and thither restlessly, abided the agony of the fever-rent body, the travail of the fever-haunted soul. Also, through all the visions two arch-persecutors asserted their supremacy,—the Horror of Effort and the Futility of Endeavor.

To the immense disgust of the Medical Officer, the parasites insisted upon

carrying their master across the river, where they lodged him in his mother's house. A crowd of women filled the stuffy sick-room and re-breathed the exhausted air. They plastered Saleh's body with yellow tumeric and other messy concoctions. Prayers, charms, simples, and incantations were called into request, with a fine catholicity of faith, to aid the resources of the British pharmacopœia. There was also a very general belief entertained at the Court of Pelesu that Saleh's illness—the virulence of which demanded explanation—was due to the evil magic of a certain wizard of great repute who chanced to be among the number of the aggrieved peasants of the Bânyong valley. Many and bitter, too, were the murmurings against the white men—for in the good old times, men recalled, the wizard would have suffered various and evil things until he had thereby been compelled to exorcise the Familiar by whom, at his bidding, poor Saleh was manifestly possessed. This aspect of the case was discussed so frequently in the hearing of the patient that he got the idea interwoven with all the other inconsequences running riot in his fever-wearied brain, and more than once he called aloud upon the wizard by name, or in his ravings confused his own with the identity of the Familiar. After this, what further proof was needed? The worst suspicions were confirmed; and Baker began to have much ado to keep the King, Tungku Ampûan, and the courtiers quiet, and had to send word to the police at Bânyong to guard the wizard closely, since at this time his chances of dying a violent death were extensive. Even chill-blooded Europeans are apt to wax wrathful when the superstitions of others frustrate the action of commonsense; and to the Malays of Pelesu the refusal of the white men to accept the proven fact of the guilt of the wizard appealed as the grossest

and most mischievous piece of superstition of which they had had any experience. If Saleh had died, I think that the wizard would have died too with surprising celerity, even though one or more loyal people had to swing at a rope's end as the price of their devotion to duty.

Saleh, however, did not die,—and for this, perhaps, the clean life which had been his for years may have been partly responsible; but instead he crept back into existence, still haunted by the twin demons which had so possessed him while the fever held,—the Horror of Effort and the Futility of Endeavor.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Saleh had always been "slack" at the best of times, but now all that there had ever been of energy in his composition had been dredged out of him; and for this, be it remembered, the race which puts Energy shoulder to shoulder with Courage in the forefront of the manly virtues, not Saleh, was responsible. It was surely no fault of his, poor lad, that the white men, in the course of the experiment of which he had been the hapless victim, should have robbed him, among other things, of his natural immunity to the climatic influences of his native land.

(To be continued.)

WILDFOWL AND PARLAKIMEDI.

Here happy souls (their blessed bower
Free from the rude resort
Of beastly people) spend the hours
In harmless mirth and sport.—MICHAEL DRAYTON.

The rather inane question, "Do you like India?" may as a rule be answered summarily by a monosyllable. The answer depends less on the person than on the place where he is cast, for the varieties of life met with in India, the different kinds of interest, work, and sport, and the different conditions of climate and degrees of comfort and the reverse are incalculable. The question may mean "Do you like Dera Ismail Khan, Coconada, or Quilon?" Yet the answer will infer a grotesque generalization. India is everything and nothing, and everything between. There are places where life is an idyll, places where it is made just endurable by the prospect of furlough, places where one feels that one's own particular case ought to be set beside the stories of Marsyas and Sisyphus in a classical dictionary, and places so hideous and unattractive that to escape from them one might consent to be immured permanently in a new mahogany-and-

brass-fitted public-house outside Clapham Junction, if only to watch life through the windows.

Everyone has his own peculiar social ideals and takes his own intellectual equipment with him wherever he goes, but to content the ordinary man the country must provide somewhere to ride or at least a good deal to shoot. If there is plenty of room to let a horse out and good shooting as well, and if in addition to these advantages the place has some natural beauty of its own and a certain sylvan or desert, as well as human, charm, the dweller there can pity folk who dwell anywhere else, and the retired Anglo-Indian who has had the wit or luck to live in such a place, though only for a short time, when he is asked the trite old question, "Do you like India?" will unhesitatingly answer "Yes." For by a special providence that accounts for all that is optimistic in man, such places live in the mind when the horror of a clammy

backwater in Bengal or one's own particular gridiron elsewhere is forgotten.

Of course this is prefatory to an appreciation, a eulogy it may be, of a certain sequestered valley and haunt of wildfowl, which I always think of when people ask me if I like India. The tribute must out. It is Parlakimedi in Ganjam. A beautiful name worthy of the place, and not to be pronounced with the English "a" as if it were a new kind of indoor game, but with the soft Hunterian "a" and a purring "r" as a Scotchman would pronounce "pearl," the second accent being on the antepenultimate syllable. Parlakimedi, as if the word had been conceived by a poet to lend music to his hexameters—

Deep in the bosky shade of the Parlakimedi valleys.

If you want to see India as it has been the last few thousand years go to Parlakimedi. It is true there is a new college and a brand new palace, but these toys look as if some meddler had introduced them just to see if they were any good, and as if the honest folk finding they were not had left them there looking as incongruous as a model of a Hottentot village stuck in a glass exhibition house. Big as they are they are too much by-the-way to make the place look hybrid; rather, they are so palpably incidental that they emphasize the inveterate Brahminism of Parlakimedi—that is to say, the constitutional inability of the inhabitants to depart in any detail from the ritual prescribed by Manu, that legendary old man whom they make responsible for their instinct of segregation, attributing to him the narrow and prohibitive restrictions that have bound them up in close corporations since Vedic times.

The houses of the astrologers on the other hand are part of the place.

There is a whole street of them, the walls polished and clean, rising from a high plinth and covered with pictures and designs which might be the signs of the zodiac, but are not. The passage opens into a wide courtyard, at the back of which stands a substantial house barely discernible from the road through the narrow lintel, for in this land either through respect to the Raja who alone might possess a substantial roof, or by his command, or out of fear of making any display of property the rule has held through many centuries that the buildings abutting on the street should be thatched. Perhaps a few generations ago, before we crippled the oppressor, the doors in many of the houses were so contrived that the interior buildings could not be seen. The astrologers indeed may have been exempt from the rule, for they were and are still, though insidiously, the most influential men in the place, and the Raja in his uncomfortable English palace is guided by their oracles, which are of course incapable of any new or subversive utterance.

The autocrat himself, if he is like other Rajas of the district, belongs to the most prescribed and fettered class in Hindustan. He can have few if any friends, and intimacy even with his relatives is impossible in strictly orthodox families, for palace etiquette, founded on suspicion, forbids any free intercourse between father and son, and brother and brother. It is often impossible for neighbors of similar rank and caste to meet, since each family has its own ideas about its relative dignity and importance, and the traditions of no two families correspond. "A" may not take more than six steps forward from the *gadi* to meet "B"; and the pride of "B's" ancestors, respected by the family from a date before Asoka, makes it impossible for him to proceed more than three steps beyond the threshold to meet "A."

Consequently there is an irreducible space between.

There are many such spaces, and they give a kind of cellular tissue to the community, which no doubt preserves its existence. The provision implies in the framers of the mechanism an obscure and penetrating wisdom, which in its fixity seems to operate as surely and instinctively as the immanent and plastic spirit which informs nature. The cell that by evading the law ceases to pursue its function is destroyed as far as the social fabric is concerned, which to the Hindu is life. Therefore the fabric is indestructible. Whether it is worth preserving on the terms prescribed by Manu is another thing.

At Parlakimedi there is one man who has decided that it is not. In a little round hut of wattle and grass, shaped like a dove-house, propped against a galvanized wire telegraph pole, and offering little protection from the sun and rain, lives an outcast of the fisher caste, who gave up his birthright more than forty years ago for a Pariah woman, and ever since has lived apart from his kind. Near by in more substantial houses, thatched but floored with *chunam* and exposing narrow verandahs to the streets, where two or three may lie abreast, live the people to whom he belonged. They speak to him if they meet him on the road and help him sometimes when ague catches him and he cannot make nets fast enough to live. Outside his hut squats a woman, short and angular, of indefinite age. Her hair is still black and hangs in clots like pictures of Medusa in the school books—it is easier to search so. Her eyes are like a wounded worm. Her skin is wrinkled into weals and her mouth and nose hazily intermingled as in the snout of an animal. She is the subject of his romance. Over the pair the telegraph wires stretch and messages fly between

stout brokers quoting stocks and dividends, and the man and the woman are nearer in spirit to these practical folk than is anyone else in the place. For in spite of the palace and its billiard table, and the college with its English text-books, its affiliation to the Madras University and its professor, the antiquary with his ear-trumpet and voluminous European correspondence, they are the most English-minded people in Parlakimedi because they once dared to take a risk and meet a responsibility.

I remember a smell as of cowslips oozing up from the scum of the jhils, at each end of the town. The fisherman used to sit on the ghat steps and bake his old bones in the sun. The thought of him always brings to my mind the fragrance of cowslips in the clay meadows of High Suffolk, just as the patches of sunshine glimmering on the dim purple background of the mountains behind the jhil, when a shaft of light broke through a cloud, used to recall the golden harvest fields by the Suffolk coast.

It was the jhils that made the place a paradise. A mile to the north and south of the town were great expanses of water covered with pink and purple lotus flowers, haunted by innumerable wildfowl, and encompassed by wide stretches of swampy ground that held the snipe all through the season. In the background rose gaunt and splintered hills, a chaos of rose-colored loam and rock that bevelled off into the lemon green of the plain. Behind them towered the thickly-forested ranges of the Eastern Ghats that extend far west into the central provinces, and whose highest peaks, Deva Giri (4960 feet) and Mahenda Giri (5130 feet) overlook Parlakimedi to the north and south. The distinctive charm of the country lies in the blending and compromise of opposites, in the promontory of smooth rock jutting into the rice fields, the swampy inlet of

marsh penetrating into the bed-rock of the hills, the harmony of red, gray and green, barren and fertile, "the desert and the sown," the metallic glitter and soft tropical sheen, each standing as the happy relief and complement of the other in a perpetual eirenicon of sunshine, whatever their old cosmic difference may have been.

There were other jhils beyond the hills, and the shooting belonged to whoever liked to take it. I had it all to myself for two seasons. The birds used to lie in the tufted grass beside the water and far out in the surrounding paddy fields, but became thinner as one went farther from the jhil. It took a good half day for a single gun to go over one of these snipe grounds, and with ordinary good sport a hundred cartridges would be fired off before noon. When birds were thick if one cared to go over the ground twice it was easy to double one's bag. Or there was the alternative of putting out on the jhil for duck. With much calling and halloaing I used to gather in a few of the picturesque fishermen who plied their canoes all day among the lotus flowers, setting their wicker traps and leaning over their prows intent on spearing rohi, alert as kingfishers. Two of their dug-outs were roped together, and one sat on a connecting thwart with a leg in each. After a few shots other fishermen would come in from distant parts of the jhil and help to beat up the duck or retrieve the wounded. They had a genius for spearing birds as they dived into the weeds and came up for a second to breathe. Shooting alone one had to work hard for six brace; for, thick as the duck were, there were no islands on the jhil, and no cover to speak of. For a moment or two when they were cornered and turned back overhead one needed a second gun. Then one might wait long for another shot. Still every day brought its peculiar chances and

one was held on the jhil by a subtle fascination till sunset, when all the lotus flowers, pink, white and purple, took on the same torchlight glow.

At Christmas time and on the happy occasions when a dozen guns could be collected there were days to remember.

The two jhils to the north and south of the town were called poetically the "Rama Sagram," and "Sita Sagram"—"Sagram" being a high-flown Sanskrit word for "sea." I was admitted into the pleasure of the Rama Sagram one March at the end of the wildfowl season, when nearly all self-respecting duck were in Central Asia or Tibet. A few common teal were left, and of course the despised whistler,¹ and myriads of cotton teal,² which give one good shooting when there is nothing else. The day's bag, humble in quality, gave my friend occasion to refer to Hume and Marshall,³ and I was introduced to those rare volumes for the first time and read about the thirty-six species of duck and geese which visit India in the cold weather. The illustrations were soon familiar, and also the details of the plumage, feet and web; the color and length of the bill, and above all the distribution of the species. But there were eight and a half months before the wildfowl themselves would come. No schoolboy ever looked forward to an event with such impatience, and no volume could ever have been more essential to a book-worm's peace of mind than volume III. of Hume and Marshall was to mine.

In the hot weather I went to the coast, where some desultory wildfowl-ing helped to keep me in patience. We left Parlakimedi at midnight, and driving four stages in the dark reached the sea. At Parlakimedi the air was stifling. There was not the faintest breeze. With *Khuskus* and verandah

¹ "*Dendrocygna Javanica*," the smaller whistling teal.

² "*Nettopus Coromandelianus*."

³ "*Game birds of India, Burma and Ceylon*." The book is now out of print.

tatties and Palghat mats to sleep on and punkahs going day and night the bungalow was habitable no more. But in four hours a fresh breeze was playing on us and a tussore silk suit was not enough to keep one warm. Until the rains fall this coast wind blows continuously and makes the seaside almost as refreshing as the hills, though only a few miles inland the same wind beating over a surface of sun-baked rock and sand becomes as hot as a furnace blast.

The great tracts of marsh and lake that lie just within the sand dunes exposed to these winds and the full orchestra of the surf are called in local speech the "tamparaks." Thither I used to ride at four in the morning on a pony which saw many things that were hidden to me and caused great alarm to the women of the fishing villages, who threw themselves screaming into the prickly pear hedges deaf to all assurances of good will. It was certainly a ghostly hour and place, and when I arrived at the *tamparak* with the sun, thousands of herons and multitudinous aquatic birds rose uneasily clouding the air and filling me with surmises of more precious fowl that lay hid. The fishermen befriended me. With the first light they began to throw nets, spear rohi, and haul in the traps set overnight. Their dug-outs would constantly disturb the cotton teal that flew backwards and forwards from end to end of the lake. I could not get near them in a boat, but by wading out into a narrow channel and half concealing myself behind a reed screen placed there to guide the fish into the nets I got good sport. I shot there several mornings and every day the birds became wilder and warier and flashed over the screen at a furious rate as if they were running the gauntlet and seemed rather to enjoy the fun.

Sometimes one or two larger fowl would beat round bewildered and sus-

picious, and a wedge after approaching and wheeling back many times would pass over the reed screen. These were the spotbill, the only duck proper that have two minds about leaving India for the hot weather. I blessed them for this indecision and the vivid color they lent to the bag.

There was little other variety in it. The common whistler, a rank and unsavory bird, fell sometimes as a concession to an early risen sail, and twice the larger whistling teal* added another species. The latter, a rare bird, shy and difficult of approach, was only to be won by strategy. When I found he was not to be approached in a dug-out covered never so warily with green reeds and propelled almost imperceptibly from behind I had to manoeuvre to catch him fighting. I had noticed that at sunset they flew north, as I believed, to the Chilka Lake, and as they returned in the early morning they would pass within gunshot over a narrow straggling swamp where there was an island with some bushes and tufts of reeds. Here I found cover and shot two or three as they flew over. *Fulva* was the only variety I shot by the coast; but for mere shooting there was always the cotton teal, a strong, hardy little bird, fast, and dodgy on the wing, not bad eating and in season any time from October to the rains. Whatever else failed, thanks to him I always used to ride home with a fair bag and the conviction that cotton teal driven overhead in a high wind from all sides and at all angles and elevations give one as good shooting as one could wish.

But this coast shooting was merely an impatient parenthesis. It was not the real thing. The resident birds which haunt Ganjam, with the exception of a casual spotbill, are coarse fowl, and one does not waste shot on them in the cold weather. The mi-

* *Dendrocygna fulva*.

grants are the aristocrats. The north is their home, and they descend on India like the old Moslem invaders, and make off again when they have had their fill of the Aryan preserves, seasoned for the real business of life. In discipline, energy and singleness of purpose, they are like the Norsemen and as different from the indigenous fowl as the English bluejacket from the bunlah in the bazaar. They fly in extended squadrons with an immutable purpose straight for the south, and when they return to their old haunts you may hear them winging over the bungalow with a noise like tearing calico. In a few hours, perhaps a day or two—no one knows their haunts or the duration of their flight—they will be skirmishing on the waters of the high Tibetan tableland, or on

Some frozen Caspian reed bed,

where the ice still glistens among the brown rushes by the shore. No wonder these birds are welcomed by the wildfowler, heralding as they do the cold weather with their message from the north. These perhaps have flown over Lhasa, and the holy gompas of Tibet; some south-east from Issik Kul; some south-west from Koko Nor. Who knows that the clumsy shoveller wobbling in the village tank was not a week ago breasting the waves of Issik Kul? For my own part I never saw a flight of duck but I fell under the spell and vowed a pilgrimage to the holy and enchanted land whence they came.

I returned to Parlakimedi with the rains at the end of June, and there were still four and a half months before the migratory duck came in. In October and even in the last half of September I haunted the jhils with a keen eye on the horizon and illusive hopes built on the records of early migrants noted in "The Game Birds of India." I knew nothing of the district and could only learn that

duck were plentiful, what duck nobody knew. Out of the sky somewhere, tumbling among the brown reeds or the lotus flowers, would fall the substantial replicas of those plates I knew so well, and I would not need the plates to identify them. It was a late season. In the first week of November I saw a flock of teal. Ten days later one of the first wedge of invaders that passed overhead struck the water like a missile. It was a female tufted pochard. The next day an army of birds arrived, and the season had begun.

It was not difficult to get together a few guns in the cold weather and shoot the jhils systematically. And what weather it was! We started in a nipping air through country white with dew and gossamer. In a little while the pearly mist dissolved and revealed the range of hills through which one was to penetrate somehow to reach the jhil. There was never any doubt about the day, no rain or sleet or shivering outside a covert with fingers too numbed to feel the trigger, but always a flawless arc of sky and a genial sun. At the best of seasons the only uncertainty was in the nature of the sport. Nothing had been prepared, not a head had been reared. All one could count on was a good number of birds. No one knew where they came from or what their next caravanserai might be, and what tactics they might pursue baffled conjecture.

After the first report of a gun the surface of the jhil quivered, and the air crackled with a sound that can only be described as "hurtling." It was like shredding different kinds of cloth, or the reverberation of distant cannon in a pent-up valley. The ear of the old wildfowler is tuned to that music, and he can often distinguish the flight of different species in the dark, but this was an orchestra to puzzle him. Generally the pintail were the first to go. They would rise up high out of range and

after wheeling once or twice to make a strategic reconnaissance leave the field to the enemy. The gadwall, spotbill and widgeon would sweep the jhil and settle several times before making off. The pochards were the laggards, especially the red crest, the heaviest and handsomest of the Indian duck. The females would often make off in a body and leave the drakes behind. No bird is so easily marked at a distance. The coal-black against the white of the body and the beautiful chestnut neck are distinguishable at a hundred and twenty yards, and at fifty one could see the yellow buff on the crest. The red-crested pochard generally made up the bulk of the bag with a sprinkling of spotbill and gadwall and common teal; the garganey, the common pochard, and the tufted pochard were less numerous; there were often a shoveller or two and perhaps a ruddy shell-drake or a comb-duck. The pintail were too elusive, but paid for it in fighting. The mallard and white-eye did not come so far south. But there was always the chance of a casual visitor; that was half the charm of the sport. I expected the pink-head (*caryophyllacea*) and the scaup. One day I felt sure I would come across their haunts, some lonely swamp by the coast separated from the breakers by a belt of white sand dunes, or some natural basin in the hills a mile or two inland, where the crack of a gun is rarely heard. Then amongst a heap of pochard and spotbill and other common fowl there would be a rose-pink neck with a black bar at the throat, or a dull green crest and black body and black and white wings, the last a dowdy bird, but one that would make up for days of vain hopes and disappointment.

At noon every whole or sane bird had flown, the boats gathered for lunch and we counted the spoil. Afterwards some of us put out again to collect the wounded, while others skirted round

the jhil for snipe. Retrieving the pochard was a sport in itself; the "tufters" rose for the fraction of a second only and needed a quick eye and concentrated shot.

Such was a typical day's small game shooting in Ganjam which is far from being the best district for wildfowling in India. I have often wondered why estate-owners who find pheasant-rearing too expensive do not let their shooting and spend the cold weather in the east. Not at Parlakimedi if they are going to make a business of it, for there is too little cover there and the jhils are too far apart. For a record bag one should go to Scinde or the jhils by the Ganges in Bengal, or for snipe to Upper Burma. For my own part I could not be happier anywhere with a gun than at Parlakimedi. It was the very desultoriness of the sport that fascinated me. For duck the more guns and the more drilling the better; but snipe shooting is the ideal sport for the solitary man who is happy enough to be in the open air, immune from all obligations save those of sport, which mean the observance of certain decencies and instinctive traditions in one's behavior to the wild creatures. It is a kind of shooting that borrows a great deal of its attraction from locality. Discipline spoils it. The conditions are least congenial, I think, when there is a line of guns drawn up in a vista of dull, interminable, flat, featureless paddy fields where one is tied to one's own furrow all day with nothing to distinguish the ground that has been shot over from the ground where one is to shoot, and apparently no reason why the birds should lie in one field more than another. But in recalling the happiest conditions my mind runs to that amphitheatre in the hills, the purple mountains all round, the marsh encroaching on the lake, and the initiative with oneself whether to potter deviously and explore or to work methodi-

cally over old ground. It is difficult to say wherein lies the greater charm, in remembering where birds have lain before and in putting them up, as one generally does, in the same place, or in indulging one's instinct for locality which is so seldom amiss after a season, and which can hazard to a nicety the conditions of bent grass and mud the capitious snipe prefers.

There was a kind of weed to be found in the discolored ooze of the reed-beds by the Sita Sagram—particularly where they were seamed with a rusty iron deposit borne upwards by an underground spring—where one used to flush a wisp of snipe every few yards. I think the first time I realized the honest and legitimate advantage of sensation over all theories and gropings of the mind was one morning when I had discovered this rusty ooze and benefited by it. I understood that one must feel life before one can conceive its meaning, and almost simultaneously with the discovery, perhaps a little before it, came a blind felicity of hand and eye by which I was able to convert every snipe that rose from the ground into a heap of inert feathers. I sat on a sunny bank and thought about it. I was a hedonist with a great pity for those who were not. It was early in the day, I had my record bag, and a

The Cornhill Magazine.

horse to carry me to another jhill. Needless to say the physical inspiration has never returned.

It was a melancholy day when I put up my gun for the last time at Parlakimedi. It was the third week in March, and the last companies of wild-fowl were thinking of going away. Before they came back I would be in a busy, civilized place, where one never saw a live duck unless it were inside a wire netting, or a snipe which was not draped in watercress and stuck on a piece of toast under the alias of "Bé-cassine." I had been shooting all the morning by the Rama Sagram, where the snipe had gathered for migration. You could put them up everywhere, in the jhill itself among reeds growing in three feet of water, in the green dew-fed horse gram, in the dry grass of the bunds where the paddy fields were baked as hard as macadam, even among the ashes of a burnt reed bed. A few duck were left on the jhill, and after, the first shot a flock of spotbill rose up, and separated into twos and threes. They were unsettled with the heat, and off their guard, and a wedge came circling within range. One fine old drake with a gorgeous wing bar fell at my feet. It was the last gift of Parlakimedi, save those happy memories which are perennial.

Edmund Candler.

A MAN OF IMPULSE.

Richard Maxwell was strolling homeward one hot night in September to his rooms in St. James's. He had been dining at the Savoy and as the night was mild and fine he had decided to walk by way of the Embankment rather than jostle in a cab through the crowded Strand. His overcoat hung over his arm for coolness and he crossed to the pavement on the riverside to catch whatever breeze was stirring. As

he made his way in leisured fashion towards Westminster and was now within a couple of hundred yards of New Scotland Yard, his attention was attracted by a shabby-looking man, a little in front of him, who seemed to be attempting to scramble on to the stone parapet of the river.

"If that fool doesn't take care he'll tumble over," he thought to himself.

But the fool apparently had no in-

tention of taking care. On the contrary, he deliberately raised himself upon the broad stone ledge until he was standing bolt upright.

Maxwell was an impulsive man who seldom stopped to think before interfering if he thought some one else was being guilty of an act of folly. The man could hardly be sober to behave in that eccentric manner. If he fell into the river he might have some difficulty in getting out again. Maxwell called out to him to be careful and at the same time quickened his pace.

His warning, however, had precisely the opposite effect to that which he had intended. The man on the parapet seeing him approach turned at once to the river, threw up his hands and jumped in. It was a clear case of attempted suicide and that under the very shadow of New Scotland Yard!

A less impulsive man might have crossed over to that building, rung the bell and called the attention of its occupants to the fact that an unknown man was at that moment in the act of committing a felony by drowning himself in front of their windows. Maxwell, however, was of more heroic stuff. Throwing down his hat and overcoat he vaulted on to the parapet and dived in after him.

Fortunately the moon shone brightly and Maxwell was a good swimmer.

The tide was running out rapidly, but this only carried the would-be suicide in his direction and in a moment Maxwell had him firmly in his grip. The man struggled savagely with his rescuer, but Maxwell had practised saving life in swimming-baths and was quite equal to tackling him.

The only question was how to get him out of the water. The walls of the Embankment rose high and slippery on his left. He could not have scaled them unencumbered, much less with another man in his arms.

He decided, therefore, to drift with

the current till they both reached Charing Cross steps. There he scrambled, not without difficulty, on to the steamboat pier, hauled the other after him and proceeded to wring out his clothes.

It is possible that Maxwell had expected some gratitude from the man whom he had saved from drowning. If so, he was doomed to disappointment. The other sat in a heap on the wooden floor of the pier without attempting to dry himself and cursed him bitterly.

"D— you!" he growled. "Why did you interfere? I might have been out of it all by this time if it wasn't for you."

If there was one accusation which made Maxwell angry it was a charge of "interfering." Like most impulsive people he was apt to step in rather heedlessly sometimes into other people's affairs. He had stopped more than one street fight with the result of being reviled impartially by both combatants and ultimately moved on by the police. The man's words, therefore, annoyed him excessively.

"Confound you!" he said. "I've saved your life and ruined a suit of clothes—what more do you want? Get up and don't stay grumbling there."

"What more do I want?" said the other, jumping to his feet—rage lent him an agility which even his burden of wet clothes could not subdue—"What more do I want! Hear him, this toff with his airs and his fine clothes, who thrusts his blarsted self in the way when a poor man wants to drown himself and expects him to say 'Thank you.' You're a dashed interfering swaggering puppy, that's what *you* are, and just you remember it."

Maxwell's impulse was to knock the man down. But for the moment he was inclined to distrust his impulses. Besides, there is a certain absurdity in punching a man's head just after you

have saved his life. Instead he attempted irony.

"I'm sorry if my *interference*"—he gave the word a fine stress—"annoys you. I won't repeat it. If you want to drown yourself, do so now. I won't stop you. The river's there still."

The man looked at the water for a moment as if he would take him at his word. Then he turned away.

"Curse you," he said, "I can't, and you know I can't. I tried once. I braced myself to it. And you came along and stopped me. My nerve's gone now. I can't."

"You're afraid," said Maxwell contemptuously, stooping to wring out a trouser leg.

"Yes," said the other, "I'm afraid. Who's to blame me? It isn't everybody as dares to drown himself once. Twice in one night is too much for any man."

"Then perhaps we'd better go," said Maxwell. "If you'll come with me I'll give you something to keep out the cold."

"It's the least you can do," said the other sulkily.

Maxwell shrugged his shoulders. The man's ingratitude disgusted him.

They made their way up the steps to the Embankment, and Maxwell hailed a hansom. The driver crossed over and contemplated them with rather sarcastic astonishment as he drew up at the kerb. His stare irritated Maxwell, who probably did not fully realize what an absurd spectacle he presented, standing on the pavement of the Embankment dripping with moisture with no hat on his head.

"What the devil are you looking at?" he said savagely.

"No offence, sir," said the man. "Been in the water?"

"Yes," said Maxwell, shortly. "Drive to 58 St. James's Street," and he motioned the other to enter the cab.

"Not so fast," said the driver. "I

can't take you like that. What about my keb?"

"Hang your cab!" answered Maxwell. "Keep your horse still."

"That's all very fine, Governor, but what are you going to pay me for this job?"

"I'll give you half a sovereign," said Maxwell.

"And spoil my cushions! Not if I know it," answered the cabby, gathering up his reins as if to drive away. "Make it a sovereign, Gov'nor, or I'm off."

"All right," said Maxwell, who observed a constable approaching and wished above all things to avoid being noticed. He did not desire to figure in the police reports as having jumped into the river at midnight to save a man from drowning. It would only confirm his friends' impression that "Maxwell was always interfering."

They got into the cab and he told the driver to go by Westminster. "I may as well pick up my hat and overcoat," he thought, reflecting that the evening under any circumstances was likely to prove a sufficiently costly one without the loss of those garments.

As they approached New Scotland Yard he stopped the cab and looked out at the pavement, but neither coat nor hat was to be seen.

"Just like my luck," he reflected. "I can't even put down an overcoat for ten minutes without some dishonest fellow making off with it."

He told the man to drive on. He was beginning to feel cold and numb. He had attempted with fair success to wring the moisture out of his clothes before getting into the cab, but his companion had made no such effort and water seemed to ooze from him at every pore.

"You're confoundedly wet," he grumbled, but the other remained obstinately silent.

However, St. James's Street was soon reached. Maxwell jumped out, gave the cabman his sovereign and fumbled for his latch key. His companion stood by him on the pavement apparently quite indifferent to his situation. Exhaustion seemed to have replaced ill-temper and he no longer looked even sullen. When the door opened he followed Maxwell upstairs without curiosity until he found himself in his host's chambers.

There was no fire in the grate, but there were spirits and glasses on the table and the dull eyes of the stranger lighted up for a moment as he saw them. Maxwell mixed him a strong glass of whisky and water. "Drink that," he said, and turned to mix another for himself.

The man took it. "Here's luck!" he said bitterly, and drank the toast almost at a gulp. Then he sat down heavily in Maxwell's best arm-chair.

"What the devil are you doing?" said Maxwell. "Get out of that chair. You're wet through."

"Don't mind *me*, Governor," replied the other with great magnanimity. "Wet won't hurt *me*."

"No, but it'll hurt my chair," answered Maxwell angrily. "Get up. Have some more whisky?" he added as the man showed no sign of moving.

The other rose slowly. "I don't mind if I do," he said thoughtfully, and did so.

"Where are you going to sleep tonight?" asked his host.

The other turned a dull eye on him. "I don't know," he said. "Here, I suppose."

"Oh no, you're not," answered Maxwell firmly. The thought of this damp vagrant, who had already ruined an arm-chair, transferring his ravages to the sofa made him firm.

"On the door-step, then," returned the other. But this did not suit Maxwell any better. The presence of a half-

drowned man on a door-step in St. James's Street at one o'clock in the morning would require explanation. The police would make inquiries and the result would be those very paragraphs in the papers which Maxwell wished to avoid. Besides, he was a kind-hearted man and did not wish the man to die of cold in the street.

"You'd better be off and change your clothes at once," he said.

"I have no clothes," said the man, "except these." Maxwell sighed.

"I suppose I must find you some," he said resignedly. "You can't go about like that. You'd attract attention."

The man smiled grimly. "It ain't my fault—" he began. But Maxwell, who knew what he was going to say, cut him short by going into his bedroom and opening his wardrobe.

The problem of deciding which of his many suits of clothes he was to sacrifice cost him a keener pang than almost anything else on this unfortunate evening. There they lay on their trays, carefully selected by himself and no less carefully folded by his man. Finally despairing of finding any with which he could part without sorrow, he seized a suit at random and carried it into the sitting-room, together with a tennis shirt, a pair of socks, a pair of shoes and a rough bath-towel.

"Stick these on," he said ungraciously. "You'd better rub yourself well first if you don't want to catch your death." And he threw the towel to him.

The man grinned. "I don't mind about *death*," he said.

"Don't talk nonsense," said Maxwell irritably, "and be quick with those clothes."

Returning to his bedroom he threw off his own wet things, reappearing a few minutes later in a smoking-suit. When he returned he found his visitor transformed. A heap of sodden garments lay on the carpet, while their

owner, disguised in a complete suit by a Bond Street tailor, looked if possible more grotesque than before.

Maxwell lit a cigarette and eyed regretfully the suit he would never see again.

"Isn't it time you were getting home?" he said at last as his visitor still showed no signs of moving.

"I have no home," said the man.

"But you must live somewhere," said Maxwell sharply. "Where did you sleep last night?"

"On the Embankment," replied the other.

Maxwell shuddered. He felt in his pockets, to which he had transferred such small change as the night's adventure had left him. The result of the search was a half-sovereign and a few shillings.

"Here," he said, "you can get a night's lodging with this and live for a day or two till you get work."

The man took the money without enthusiasm and counted it. "Can't do much with eighteen bob," was the only comment he made.

"You're an ungrateful scoundrel," said Maxwell, losing his temper.

"I ain't got much to be grateful for, goodness knows," replied the other. "I chuck myself into the river to drown and be out of every one's way. You come along and pull me out and now you want to put me off with eighteen shillings! If you have a fancy for saving folk's lives, I think you ought to pay for it."

There was something in the man's view which appealed to Maxwell as reasonable in spite of his irritation. He turned to his writing-table and took a cheque-book from a drawer.

"What's your name?" he asked shortly.

"John Bellows," answered the other, looking at him furtively and stretching out a hand towards the whisky decanter.

"No, you can't have any more whisky," said Maxwell, noticing the gesture. "You've had enough to keep you from cold. If you have more you won't be able to find your way and then you'll get into trouble with the police."

He filled in a cheque for £10, blotted it and handed it to Bellows.

"Here's something to start you in life again. Don't try and drown yourself or any tomfoolery of that kind in future. And if you get into difficulties don't come to me. Good-night."

The man took the cheque, examined it dispassionately and thrust it in his pocket. Then he went towards the door. "Good-night, governor," he said.

Maxwell went downstairs with him and showed him out. He noticed with some bitterness that the man made no attempt to thank him. But then if a man does not thank you for saving his life he can hardly be expected to do so for £10. As he re-entered his room a sick feeling of disgust at the whole incident seized poor Maxwell. There lay the man's clothes in a heap on the carpet, which they were rapidly converting into a marsh. His best arm-chair was a sodden ruin. But the man himself was gone. That was one blessing. It was true that he left Maxwell the poorer by two suits of clothes, an overcoat, about eleven pounds in money and a certain amount of excellent whisky, but he had gone at last and his preserver resolved to take particular care never to see him again.

But if Maxwell imagined that he had heard the last of his rash act of philanthropy he was grievously mistaken. Two days afterwards the following advertisement appeared in the "Personal" column of the *Times*:

FOUND, on the Thames Embankment at midnight, an overcoat, marked Richard Maxwell. Owner may have it on calling at 8 Great College Street, Westminster, and paying the cost of this advertisement.

The overcoat was spoiled to Maxwell by the recollection of the adventure it had shared with him and he never wished to see it again. So he decided to pay no attention to the advertisement. The finder might sell the coat and reimburse himself for his trouble out of the proceeds. After coming to this decision he dismissed the matter from his mind and went to luncheon at his club.

He had not sat down to his meal five minutes before a friend came up.

"Hullo! Maxwell," he said. "Is it your overcoat that was found on the Embankment? It's advertised in the *Times* this morning?"

"Yes," said Maxwell.

"How very interesting!" said the other cheerfully. "Tell me, do you usually leave your clothes about on the Embankment in the middle of the night?"

"No," answered Maxwell.

"My dear fellow," said the other laughing, "do be more communicative. Don't make a mystery of it. It's absurd to make mysteries. They're always found out."

"There is no mystery," said Maxwell peevishly. "There was a fellow trying to drown himself and I pulled him out, that's all."

His friend laughed with immense relish. "How like you Maxwell!" he said. "There never was such a chap for interfering."

Interfering! The one word which Maxwell could not bear. "Confound you!" he said savagely. "Don't stand giggling there."

Ten minutes later another man came up. "I say, Maxwell," he said, "what about that overcoat? Was it you who were trying to drown yourself or the other fellow?"

"What do you want to know for?" asked Maxwell sulkily.

"Simpson and I have a bet on about it. I said it was the other fellow.

You're such a chap to interfere, you know."

"Of course," said Maxwell with bitter irony. "Well, if it's any satisfaction to you to know, it *was* the other fellow."

For two days Maxwell was continually haunted by the spectre of this overcoat. All sorts of wonderful theories were started as to what he was doing on the Embankment at midnight and he was perpetually being appealed to at the club, at the theatre, in the street, to say whether they were true or not. The air seemed thick with wagers on the subject among his particular set till Maxwell began to wonder whether he would not find his overcoat figuring in "The Betting" in the *Sportsman*. On the third day the advertisement appeared a second time in the *Times*.

If the story was to be allowed to die—and Maxwell wished it to do so with all possible expedition—it was impossible to allow the wretched coat to continue to be advertised at intervals in the newspapers. He therefore told his servant to go down to Westminster to claim it and pay whatever expenses had been incurred. As soon as the man brought it back he told him to throw it away.

But the reappearance of the advertisement revived the interest of his friends in the garment, and for the next few days their inquiries were once more incessant. Maxwell raged under the infliction, but this of course only made the temptation to chaff him greater.

At last, however, this joke, like other jokes, wore itself out and he had really begun to think the whole Bellows incident was closed, when one morning a couple of months later, just as he had finished his leisurely breakfast, his servant announced a person to see him on business.

"Did he say what his business was?" asked Maxwell.

"He said something about some clothes sir," replied the man.

"Show him up," said Maxwell, whose tailor from time to time sent a man round with the latest patterns.

A minute later his man returned showing in John Bellows, who was dressed in seedy black and carried a parcel under his arm. Maxwell frowned.

"Well?" he said, when they were alone.

"I thought I'd call round with these clothes, sir," said Bellows gloomily. "They're hardly suited to a man in my position and I thought you might want them back."

"I don't," said Maxwell. "But you may put them down."

The man put them down on the table and stood looking at Maxwell.

"You haven't got such a thing as a drink about you, I suppose?" he said after a pause, looking round the room for the spirit-case.

Maxwell went to the sideboard and produced a decanter and a glass.

"If you drank less and worked more, you'd get on better in the world," he said.

"That's true, sir," said the other. "That's cruel true. Here's to you, sir, and thank you kindly."

Thanks came rarely from Bellows and perhaps Maxwell valued them unduly in consequence. His heart softened a little.

"How are you getting on?" he asked.

"Have you got any work?"

"No, sir," replied Bellows.

"Why not?"

"It's not so easy to get work. Come to that," he added, "you don't seem so very busy yourself, sir."

"I don't want work," said Maxwell, who felt that the war was being carried into his own country.

"No more do I," said the man.

Maxwell was silent. The parallel

between their two positions had, not occurred to him.

Bellows finished his whisky and water meditatively.

"You ought to have let me drown," he said.

"I believe you're right," said Maxwell.

"But you didn't," added the other almost sternly. "You jumped into the river and pulled me out. I can't forget that."

"I wish you could," interjected Maxwell.

"But I can't," said Bellows. "I feel you're in a sort of way responsible for me. So when I'm hard up I naturally turn to you. I can't help myself."

"So you're hard up, are you?" said Maxwell grimly.

"Of course, sir," said the other humbly. "You gave me £10 I know, but that's two months ago and here I am, you see, stony-broke. You might lend me another tenner, sir, just to help me along?"

"And if I did lend you £10," said Maxwell, "what chance is there of your paying me back?"

"It is a chance, sir, I must say," returned the other, shaking his head.

"There I don't agree with you," said Maxwell. "I don't think there's a ghost of a chance about it."

The man stood hat in hand contemplating the carpet on which the stain left by his wet clothes was still visible. He showed no inclination to go.

"Well," said Maxwell at last, getting impatient, "what are you waiting for? Why don't you go?"

"I've nowhere to go to," replied the other.

"What the devil's that to do with me?" said Maxwell irritably.

"Oh, sir, don't be hard on me!" said Bellows, beginning to snivel. "I'm a poor man and I've no friends but you, and if you hadn't pulled me out of the water that night I shouldn't be here

now," and he wiped his eyes ostentatiously with his coat-sleeve.

If there was one thing Maxwell hated it was emotion. The spectacle of a middle-aged man preparing to blubber in his sitting-room revolted him. In desperation he once more produced his cheque-book and rapidly filled in a cheque.

"Here's another £10," he said, "and remember it's the last. I told you before not to come again. I shall now give orders to my servant not to admit you in future. Be off with you and try to get some honest work."

The man took the cheque and his departure. Maxwell rang for his servant. "If that person calls again, Parker," he said, "send him away."

"Very well, sir," said Parker.

Two months rolled by and Maxwell heard no more of John Bellows. Then one day the man's existence was recalled to his mind by Parker.

"That person was here again to-day, sir," he said, as he was assisting his master to dress for dinner.

"What person?" asked Maxwell.

"The person who called some weeks back. You gave me orders not to admit him, sir."

"I remember," said Maxwell. "What did you do?"

"I said you were not at home, sir."

"What did he say then?"

"He said he would wait, sir. I told him you were not expected home for some time. I said you were out of town, sir."

"You did quite right, Parker."

"He was very obstinate, sir. I had some difficulty in getting him to go away. Perhaps I had better threaten him with the police if he comes again?"

This idea, however, did not commend itself to Maxwell. The police would take Bellows into custody. Bellows would tell his story to the magistrate, the magistrate would probably be facetious at his—Maxwell's—expense, and

the whole story would get into the papers with Maxwell as the hero. The prospect was more than he could bear.

"No, Parker," he said, "you needn't do that. If you can't get rid of him in any other way, give him five shillings."

Parker looked at his master gravely. "Very well, sir," he said.

As Maxwell drove in his hansom to Grosvenor Square where he was dining, he reflected bitterly on the sufferings of philanthropists. This half-drowned man seemed determined to dog his footsteps for the rest of his natural life. After mulcting him of various sums of money, he was now taking away his character with Parker. That admirable servant had evidently come to the conclusion that his master had done something disgraceful, that Bellows knew it and was blackmailing him, and that Maxwell was afraid to hand him over to the police. The Scotch have a superstition that it is unlucky to save any one from drowning. So have the Chinese. Maxwell began to agree with them.

From this time Bellows made a practice of calling at St. James's Street at intervals and receiving five shillings from Parker. Maxwell writhed under this extortion but could not make up his mind to put an end to it. At length, however, there came a morning when he met Bellows in person. He was just approaching his door and was in the act of getting out his latch-key when Bellows touched him on the arm. Maxwell turned upon him savagely, the memory of his wrongs quite blinding him to the absurdity of the situation. "What are you slouching round here for?" he asked angrily. "Didn't I tell you you were not to come here again?"

Bellows began to snivel at once. "You're very hard, sir," he said. "You're my only friend and when I ask you for help you treat me like a criminal."

The ingratitude of this remark, coming from a man who was living on his doles, exasperated Maxwell. Impulsively he seized Bellows by the collar and shook him.

At this moment, as ill-luck would have it, two young ladies approached, both of whom Maxwell knew, while the younger of them inspired him with a feeling which, if it was not exactly love, bade fair to become so. Evelyn Allieson was a charming girl of two and twenty. She and Maxwell were kindred souls, both impulsive, both a little inclined to step in where more cautious souls would have refrained from meddling, both prone to jump at conclusions. They had met at several country houses, and Maxwell valued her good opinion more than he would have cared to admit even to himself.

Miss Allieson's astonishment may easily be imagined on coming upon Maxwell at twelve o'clock in the morning in the middle of St. James's Street in the act of violently assaulting an elderly man in feeble health and seedy raiment. Her instinct of knight-errantry at once awoke at the spectacle, and leaving her companion she quickened her steps and laid a hand on Maxwell's arm.

"Mr. Maxwell!" she said. "For shame! How can you be so violent? You'll hurt him."

"Hurt him!" said Maxwell wrathfully. "I'll strangle him, confound him!" But he loosed his hold none the less. After all there was something slightly grotesque in a scene of this kind in the middle of the morning and in the middle of St. James's Street.

Bellows, released from his grip, whimpered outright. Evelyn's soft heart was touched at once.

"Oh, Mr. Maxwell," she said, "how cruel of you! Look! He's crying."

At this Bellows wept with increased fervor.

"What has he done?" she went on.

"I believe you were going to strike him! Mr. Maxwell, how *could* you?"

Maxwell said nothing. He had the most satisfactory explanation in the world to offer, but ill-temper mastered him and he could not utter a word.

"Well?" said Evelyn, "why don't you tell me? I think you ought to tell me." But Maxwell was still silent. Bellows, however, who was delighted to find a sympathetic listener, began to pour out his griefs.

"I only asked Mr. Maxwell for help," he snivelled. "Six months ago he pulled me out of the river when I was trying to drown myself and just now, when I saw him, I asked him to help me. I thought he would do something for me. If it weren't for him I should be dead and give no trouble to any one."

"Hush!" said Evelyn. "You mustn't talk like that. It's very wrong for anybody to kill himself."

"I had nothing to eat," answered Bellows with a gush of self-pity.

"Poor man!" said Evelyn. "And did Mr. Maxwell save you?"

"Yes. He saved me and now he won't help me."

Evelyn turned to Maxwell with virtuous indignation in her pretty gray eyes. "Mr. Maxwell, I'm ashamed of you," she said. "I thought you had a better nature. You must give him some money at once."

Too angry to explain or remonstrate Maxwell felt in his pockets, produced a sovereign purse and handed it to her in silence. To give the money to Bellows himself would have been too much humiliation.

Poor Maxwell! The manœuvre which saved his pride told heavily on his pocket. Impulsively Evelyn thrust purse and all into Bellows's hand. The purse, like its contents, was of gold, and in spite of his rage its disappearance was an additional pang to him.

"And now I think you ought to shake

hands with him," Evelyn went on more gently, "just to show you're sorry for having been so unkind."

Bellows held out a dirty hand. "I'm agreeable," he said handsomely.

But this was more than Maxwell could put up with. "I'm hanged if I will," he answered sulkily.

"Not when I ask you?" said Evelyn.

Her gray eyes were very appealing at that moment. But Maxwell was too angry to notice them, too angry to realize the absurdity of taking the situation seriously.

"No," he said curtly.

"Good-bye, then," said Evelyn, and with a cold little bow she joined her cousin and the two walked on towards Piccadilly.

Maxwell looked after her retreating figure with a new pain at his heart. He had offended *her* now. Not content with draining him of money Bellows was bent on alienating his friends. He turned to pour out upon that worthy some of the bitterness which he felt, but Bellows had prudently seized the moment to retire and was nowhere to be seen.

One revenge, however, was open to Maxwell. Evelyn Allieson might never quite forgive him (and it is the painful duty of this chronicler to admit that she never did), Parker might form some new discreditable theory of his master's action, Bellows might make a scene on his doorstep and get himself taken up by the police, paragraphs might fill the evening papers narrating Maxwell's impulsive leap into the river and his tardy repentance of that good action, but on one thing he was resolved; no more money should be forthcoming for Bellows from *his* pocket. He would instruct Parker at once to that effect.

He did so, and, slightly cheered by this tardy act of vengeance, went to luncheon at his club. At last, he felt, he had got rid of Bellows. He had

told Parker that he wished to hear no more of him; and Parker, who was accustomed to take his instructions literally, would not even mention the fact if Bellows again attempted to call at his rooms.

Fate, however, ordained that one more meeting should take place between Maxwell and his persecutor.

This happened one night in May about two months after the disastrous encounter in St. James's Street. Maxwell had spent the evening at the House of Commons, where for once an interesting debate had been in progress. The Strangers' Gallery had been crowded and the air suffocating, and when at last midnight struck and the debate stood adjourned he was glad to escape to the fresher atmosphere outside. The night was warm but a faint breeze from the river tempered it agreeably and, to enjoy this for a moment, Maxwell turned his steps towards Westminster Bridge. The moon had not yet risen and through the haze of the calm summer night the long line of lamps on the Embankment stretched away into the distance, while on the Surrey side illuminated advertisements of somebody's whisky flashed upon the night at intervals of half a minute to remind the gazer, if reminder were needed, that we are a vulgar nation.

Maxwell walked half-way across the bridge and then stood for a moment leaning against the parapet looking down upon the black water below.

He was startled by a voice behind him uttering his name. He turned sharply. "Who are you?" he said, but he knew only too well.

"Look at that now!" said the detested voice of John Bellows. "Here's a gent as'll pull a man out of the river when he's drowning 'isself and in half a year's time 'e forgets what he looks like! I call that noble! But"—here he grasped Maxwell by the sleeve with the energy of intoxication—"if 'e can

forget 'is noble conduct, I can't. Strike me dead, I can't," he added, hiccupping slightly.

Maxwell shook him off angrily. "Look here, my man," he said, "I'm tired of you. I've helped you with money again and again, but you always come back. You're a worthless drunken vagabond and I'll have nothing more to do with you."

"Don't say that," said Bellows insinuatingly. "Don't say that, gentleman. I thought you had a feeling 'art for a poor man down on his luck. Give me a sovereign. I only asks a sovereign."

"No," said Maxwell firmly.

"Five bob then," said the man.

"No!" said Maxwell again.

Bellows grew indignant. "Look here, governor," he said, "you pulled me out of the water once and I hope I'm grateful"—Maxwell laughed—"but I can't live on air. If you won't let me drown give me something to eat. That's all I ask."

"No!" said Maxwell for the third time.

"Very well," said Bellows with a drunken attempt at dignity, "then I shall jump into the river, that's all. I give you fair warning."

"My good man," said Maxwell bitterly, "you are at liberty to jump into the river when and where you please as far as I'm concerned. I shan't prevent you. I've had quite enough

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life-saving to last me a life-time."

"You don't mean that" said Bellows, leering tipsily. "You're making fun of me. You couldn't see a poor fellow drown and not help him. You 'aven't the 'art."

"I wouldn't rely on that if I were you, my man," said Maxwell.

Bellows scrambled up on to the parapet. "Here goes then," he said theatrically, and poised himself unsteadily on its edge.

Whether he really meant to throw himself into the river or whether he was merely simulating that intention in order to soften the heart of Maxwell, it is impossible to say, and Maxwell himself has never thought it necessary to consider the point. There was a slip, a splash, and in a moment, before Maxwell could stretch out a hand even if he had wished to do so, the body had disappeared in the muddy water thirty feet below.

As chance would have it the bridge at that moment was quite deserted. Not even the ubiquitous policeman was in sight, and if Bellows really wished to drown himself fate for once smiled upon him. Maxwell was a man of impulse. Impulse on that night in September made him leap into the river. Impulse on this night in May bade him walk away as quickly as possible. And he did.

St. John Hankin.

A POET OF THE NORTHUMBRIAN PITS.*

Many years ago I used to meet a quiet, elderly gentleman and walk with him until our ways parted, chatting the while. Sedate, grave, with a slowness of manner that made him seem older than he really was, with a curious uncouthness of speech, the soul of cour-

* "Joseph Skipsey: His Life and Work." By the Right Hon. Spence Watson. London: Unwin. 1909. 2s. 6d. net.

tesy, always cheerful in the matter if not the fashion of his discourse, always ready to talk on any subject that came up—he was Joseph Skipsey, until a year or two before I knew him a pitman working for his living in the pits, a local poet known to many great personages of the south. He was always cheerful, but never exuberant; it may

be doubted whether he had ever in his life had a moment of exuberance. He was cheerful, I say: not in the least morose. Simply he faced life with immense seriousness, the seriousness of the best type of the northern workman who has paid dear for his experience and knowledge, the working man of the mechanics' institutes and debating clubs. The debating society was strong within Joseph Skipsey. He would argue any point, often taking up untenable positions and, in defiance of all the rules of warfare, defending them to the last, and longer. He was not solemn—only serious. He had seen afar off the promised land of knowledge, not from a mountain top but from the bottoms of the black, foul pits where his childhood and his youth and best manhood were spent; and he had fought his way to it while grimly toiling for his daily bread. Of the world and of men he knew next to nothing; but what he did know he had struggled to acquire and, no wonder, prized and took very seriously.

Joseph Skipsey wrote and published a fair amount of verse; it, and through it he, became known to many of the greatest guns in the land. Whether his verse endures or not, Dr. Spence Watson has taken care that his name shall live, at any rate in the memory of all Northumbrians; for he has written an account of the man and his work with a care and restrained enthusiasm which seem to be admirable. Skipsey was born in 1832 at Percy Main, a little pit-village near the mouth of the Tyne, grimy then as now, sordid, squalid. When he was only a few months old his father was murdered by a policeman. When seven years old Joseph went to work in the pit, and taught himself to read and write there. At the pit he stayed till 1852, when he got employment in London; in 1854 he married and returned to other pits in the north. Five years

later he published some verse which fell into the hands of a genial editor who found him a job as storekeeper at some engineering works. Then he was made sub-librarian of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-on-Tyne—the "lit-n'-phil."—and found the books there so engrossing that he forgot to attend to the wants of the members. So he went quietly back to the mines; and though he presently stayed with Jowett at Oxford and became a friend of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt and Mr. Watts-Dunton in London, and published verse from time to time—verse some of which was highly praised by Rossetti—he remained unspoilt and returned to the mines again and labored there till he was fifty. He rose to some sort of foreman's post; then became caretaker of a Board-school in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and afterwards porter in the Armstrong College in the same coaly city. Hear Dr. Spence Watson: "One morning I was taking Lord Carlisle over the new building, and our Principal joined us (Principal Garnett)"—now with the L.C.C. "As we went along the great corridor, Skipsey, bending under the weight of two coal-scuttles of fair dimensions, met us. He at once pulled up, and Lord Carlisle, recognizing him, took him by the hand and said, 'My dear Skipsey, whatever are you doing here?' We had a long talk, and explanations were made, but I saw from that time that it was impossible to have a college where the scientific men came to see the Principal and the artistic and literary men came to see the porter." So another position was got for him—that of custodian of Shakespeare's house at Stratford. Here is a list of names to make one stare—Browning, Tennyson, John Morley, Burne-Jones, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Theodore Watts (-Dunton), Leighton, F. R. Benson, Andrew Lang, Lord Carlisle, Austin Dobson, Bram

Stoker, Lord Ravensworth, Thomas Burt, William Morris, Wilson Barrett, Edmund Gosse, Dowden. This is an incomplete list of those who backed the porter in getting a humble job. He got it; and in half a year our American visitors drove him out of it. He loved to argue, but not with fools; and the fools doubted every statement he made in showing them over the place until, Dr. Spence Watson says, "He felt . . . he would end by doubting the very existence of Shakespeare . . ."; so he left. In 1886, through Burne-Jones, a grant of fifty pounds was made him from the Royal Bounty, and a tiny pension he had was raised to twenty-five pounds a year; on this, with assistance from his now grown-up children, he lived until his death in September 1903.

This *Life of Joseph Skipsey*, written with beautiful simplicity, calm and lucid, yet tinged and warmed with generous feeling and an affectionately humorous perception of the man's odd angles and comical obstinacies, is a most fitting memorial of one who was not a great poet but, in his humble path though life, always a noble man. To my mind, little of his verse is genuine poetry, and that little is not of the highest order. At the outset a disastrous deficiency of ear made him as a color-blind painter. He had no technique. To get the mere rhyme and rhythm he resorted to puerile dodges and warped and twisted plain sentences into unholy monstrosities. Here are some remarks addressed by Rossetti to Skipsey: ". . . throughout the book the want I feel is of artistic finish only, not of artistic tendency: the right touch sometimes seems to come to you of its own accord, but, when not thus coming, it remains a want. Stanzas similarly rhymed are apt to follow each other, and the metre is often filled out by catching up a word in repetition—I mean, as for in-

stance, 'May be, as they have been, may be.' It seems to me that, as regards style, you might take the verbal perfection of your admirable stanzas 'Get up' as an example to yourself, and try never to fall short of this standard, where not a word is lost or wanting. This little piece seems to me equal to anything in the language for beauty and quiet pathetic force." Let me quote the little piece, "The Caller":

"Get up!" the caller calls, "Get up!"

And in the dead of night,
To win the bairns their bite and sup,
I rise a weary wight.

My flannel dudden donn'd, thrice o'er
My birds are kissed, and then
I with a whistle shut the door
I may not ope again.

In the pit, at the pit-mouth, in the pit-row, Skipsey found inspiration, and where, as here, by happy chance "the right touch" comes "of its own accord," something like a true poetic miracle is wrought. But when he leaves the pit and tackles subjects where dainty workmanship and conscious art-mastery are requisite, we get experiments like "The Daffodil." Dr. Watson speaks of his power of thought and of making words live. I never observed any original thought in him: great and sincere character, not intellect, distinguished him. As for making words live, it is a fact that he did recite his verses with stupendous earnestness. His elocution simply made me smile; it was a ridiculous exhibition. And as in repeating his poems, so in composing them, the pressure of emotional steam was ludicrously out of proportion to the importance of the subject. It is idle to say that small things are as important as great ones; for they are not. The lingo he wrote in was part pit-Northumbrian, part conventional collocations of the eighteenth century, part reminiscences of contemporaries. A poet of great orig-

inal force may borrow from anywhere with impunity; he loads his phraseology with a new meaning which overwhelms the old associations. Skipsey's burden was not fresh and new enough; and his "adorn", "gem", "peer"—and, in other verses, "bard", "Fortune's darling", "fancy", and so on—stand out bald, expressionless, hopelessly prosaic. And to show how he produced all the unfortunate effect of a plagiarism where there was no real plagiarism let me make a last quotation. Skipsey had gone to Grasmere with Dr. Spence Watson; the wild scenery, the spirit of ancient days that reigns omnipotent amongst the hills and woods and waters, the memories of the great poets who lived there and the poetry they wrote there—these wrought upon him; and in the darkness and silence of night a bugle-call woke the echoes, gathered all his feelings into one channel, and flooded his soul with a most poignant sensation of sweetness and joy. So he gave vent to his feelings in "The Bugle Horn":

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O, the bugle horn I heard last night;
Its wild tone set the echoes flying,
And night-long in my soul, Delight
Danced, danced, her gift for dancing
trying;

No wilder tone had echo known,
Since first upon the height she
haunted;

She cried to fly, yet fled to cry,
What awed, when heard, and yet enchanted!

Alas! where is it now, the glory and the dream? We have a bald account of the incident; the essence of the matter, the magic, is rigorously excluded; and "bugle", "wild", "echoes", "flying", shout aloud the names of Tennyson and his "Princess."

It would be impertinent of me to give a pontifical judgment on Joseph Skipsey's work. I am only trying to show why he failed when he got away from the pit-shaft. His pit-poems are his best; and, if the appointment of a successor to Tennyson had not forced us to think that to be a laureate nowadays a man must be not a poet at all, Skipsey might be called the laureate of the Northumbrian pits.

John F. Runciman.

A CHILDREN'S PAGEANT.

To those who knew Whitechapel some years ago such a thing as the Children's Pageant, now being acted every evening in the Art Gallery there, would have seemed incredible. Just a quarter of a century has passed since the first beginnings were made with a few dreary recitations, a wretched farce or two, and an occasional concert which people who cared about decency could not attend. Now if you want to see a historic display, with gallant songs and dances, all performed with the irresistible spirit of zeal, you can go to Whitechapel and see it. Some four or five hundred boys and girls from East End schools, working in shifts of alternate nights, will show you

how it is done. Full of the joy of acting, they are so determined not to fail that during all the speeches the mouths of the whole company move in unison with the speaker, whispering the words to themselves. They have the zest of the amateur. They are as keen for stage perfection as Territorials are for bloodshed on a field-day. The audience is delighted, especially those who own a real child in the show. One may hope they are profited by some sort of historic interest. But, as in all art, the best delight and the best profit remain with the performers, and they are just the children for whom such a thing as this pageant would have seemed incredible only a quarter of a century ago.

That is a real "Triumph of Time," and we do not see why painters should always represent Time's triumph by a melancholy figure trampling on poets, priests, kings, and other men and women, instead of designing some joyful and exuberant creature leading in a happier breed of men with each generation. The authors of the pageant are of more hopeful mind than allegorical painters, for they have arranged their scenes to display the growth of liberty and the progress of great deeds, even on the eastern edges of London. They have written it all in the conventional heroics that give just the right touch of humorous grandeur for a children's show. The rich and great habitually address rebellious inferiors as "dogs." "Out of my sight, dogs," they cry; or "Drive off these noisy curs!" And if the people stir, it is whispered, "Foul treason is afoot." And yet, beneath the fine heroics and the splendor of old phrase, no one can miss the sense of growth, of advance from point to point, and of life becoming a finer and nobler sort of thing, from the time when Boadicea takes the poison, all through the centuries, to the scene representing Elizabeth preparing to oppose the Armada, and Shakespeare speaking John of Gaunt's familiar lines on England. In the final words of the pageant, as though to summarize the purpose of it all, Burleigh says to Elizabeth:

Let the centuries

Set forth the scenes that fill old London's story—

The men, the heroes, great and humble folk,

Whose life is ours, whose lives have given us life.

Queen:

So be it. We will call the vision up.

O London, mighty mother of great deeds,

O heart of England, glory of the world,

Show me your story! Let the long-dead years

Unroll themselves before me, scene by scene.

Burleigh:

They come; may we, their most unworthy sons,

Read London's glorious future in her past.

Leading up to some glorious future, the vision of centuries goes by—the fantastic procession of the men and women who handed on life to us, and were not dreamlike things, but actually lived upon this very ground. Mankind sees the world of space contracting now. It is still a little strange to think that at this very moment the cafés are preparing at Monte Carlo, the bulls are being carted to Madrid for tomorrow's fight, the negroes are groping in deep forests, the Indians are descending with prayer into sacred rivers, and the Amazon flows murmuring through the night. But our inventions have made this earth too small, and when, starting from London, you can reach almost any point on its surface within a month, it seems hardly worth while to start. Space will fail us unless we can flit to another star. But time remains mysterious and inaccessible, nor will the aeroplane be invented that can take us where Richard Cœur de Lion's mace cracks the armor of his foes, like a boy stamping on crabs. All those scenes of the pageant have passed down Aldgate, while it was a gate, and long before it was old. Britons and Romans, bloodstained and worn with battles down Epping way; messengers with news of Hastings, and Harold's body borne to Waltham Cross, where the Rood itself bowed in sorrow for his destiny; kings and queens at war in silly rivalry, beggars' daughters, and rebel artisans, pilgrims to the saint's relics, and sailors of the queen embarking to confront the pride of Spain on rations of mouldy bread and sour beer—they have all gone their road, tramping over the same earth, drawing the

same breath as ourselves, and finding day and night as sweet. Sometimes we can discover a dim trace of their hands upon an old wall or trench, but themselves we cannot find, though, as Burleigh says, their life is ours. What the Sartor said is true:—

Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed-up of Time, and there remains no wreck of them any more; and Arc-turus and Orion and Sirius and the Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the Shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar.

But whilst we are in the way with the Sartor, another question rises from the pageant. If it is true that clothes are indeed the visible sign of a spiritual state, why is it that in this excellent and historic pageant, so careful of detail, the only hideous clothes are to be seen at the moment of England's greatest glory? Boadicea, as she takes the poison tabloid, is graceful in flowing and not too scanty raiment; the warriors from the Bayeux tapestry look as serviceable as men could be while they sought to ward off death in clothes of steel chain; the kings and queens and rebels and beggar-maids are all beautiful and attractive figures up to the sixteenth century; even Chaucer in black cowl and gown passed very well for a poet. But the moment we approached the great days of Elizabeth—the moment that Drake and Frobisher were to snatch the world from Spain, and Shakespeare himself walked the boards, the paragon of animals—suddenly men and women appeared in the most ludicrous and inhuman apparel that perversity ever fashioned. In padded protuberances, in slashes, puffs, and ruffs they lumbered about the stage like distorted Dutch dolls till one would have supposed them to represent the Saxon temperament at its grossest, at its least inspired solidity, at its nearest

kinship to suet pudding. Could these stuffed and upholstered figures really stand for the most glorious age of our literature and our arms? Alas! we cannot doubt the accuracy and skill of the pageant. Drake sweated in a doublet like a pillow, and Sylvia was commended for hips at right angles to her waist. Where, then, was that subtle correspondence between the visible sign of clothes and the spiritual state that, for good or evil, they should signify?

We may take the question a little further still, and ask why it was impossible to carry the pageant beyond the days of Elizabeth. We can imagine the children acting the meeting of Cromwell and the Levellers on Mile End Waste, but the nearer we get to our own times the more difficult it would be to make a pageant at all. There are plenty of scenes in East End history to be represented—the sailing of the first steamer from London Dock, the arrival of the first Jewish refugees from Russia, Matthew Arnold opening Toynbee Hall, a Christ Church graduate casting off the first pack of "harriers" from Aldgate Pump to draw Cambridge Heath Road, the institution of the 1st Cadet Battalion of the Queen's (old 2nd Foot). But somehow we feel that a pageant of such scenes might be a little dull and colorless on the stage, as well as a little ludicrous. If it is admitted that progress is sure and obvious, if people who know Whitechapel tell us that the advance is astonishing, and such a thing as this pageant would have been incredible even a quarter of a century ago, why are our crowds so drab and smudgy that we should be ashamed to represent them in a show?

It is often embarrassing when an Indian or some other traveller from the East gives us his first impressions of our English life. His expectations have been high. He has come to the land

of freedom, to a powerful race of men, happy in the fruits of the highest civilization. He finds a dingy and ignoble-looking people, dressed in second-hand clothes which they never wash; and as to the hats of men and women, to the Eastern mind such hideousness of angle and color is an almost inconceivable offence. But those who have seen the pageant need not go to the East for reflection. In front of the show, as a kind of model audience, stand the average East End boy and girl, making characteristic remarks upon the episodes as they pass. Why is it that in not a single one of those scenes could that boy and girl be admitted among the other children without appearing instantly as an unendurable blot upon the whole? Not even

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among the ugliness of the Elizabethan costumes could the lower degradation of our working-class children's clothes be tolerated. It is not only the difference in class, for the pageant represents all classes with fidelity, and the contrast is too sharp for money to wipe out. We admit the advance, the astonishing improvement even within a single generation, but why is progress so dull? Why, if the inward and spiritual grace is increasing, is there so little outward and visible sign? A grubby suit, a greasy cap, a torn pinafore, and mother's cast-off boots—what would the Sartor make of those as evidences of civilizing grace? What "organic filaments" of future worship do they represent among mankind?

PARLOR SOCIALISTS.

Before his departure for his shooting expedition in Africa, Mr. Roosevelt wrote a series of articles in which he discusses the question how far those who are opposed to Socialism can work with Socialists in Social Reform. Than this there is scarcely any subject more important. As we have more than once pointed out, Socialism owes much of its advancement to the blindness, deliberate or accidental, of its allies—the people who lightly assume the title and wear the uniform of the party without any clear idea of what its real aims and motives are. It is to them that argument has to be addressed. We need not greatly concern ourselves to contend with the Graysons and the Blatchfords and the Shaws and the Hyndhams; our concern lies with those sentimentalists and loose thinkers who pin themselves to the coat-tails of Socialism without considering the texture of the article. We have no great fault to find with Mr. Roosevelt's manner of dealing with the subject. He is sound

and vigorous, and with one or two exceptions very clear as to what he means. But his articles are curiously lucid in their revelation of his limitations. He knows his own mind and is able to make others know it, but it is not a great mind. We find no distinction or originality of thought; he thinks and says nothing that has not been said and thought oftentimes before. He has neither power nor wish to wander in the byways of subtlety; he has not the power to drape the commonplace with distinction, he is content to assert it with robust virility and with simple honesty of purpose. He is the man of action not of thought; sometimes his action will outstrip his thought; he is, like Anthony, "a plain, blunt man, who dearly loves his country." A fine character, a most useful citizen; but Mr. Roosevelt, the writer, has destroyed much of the glamor which surrounded Mr. Roosevelt, the ruler of eighty millions of people.

For the purpose he has in view, how-

ever, Mr. Roosevelt's limitations do not make him the less useful; indeed, they may almost increase the weight of his arguments, trite and obvious though they be. Sentimentalism, the lust of novelty, the mental habit of regarding phenomena from one aspect, niggling subtleties—the things, in fact, which go to the making of the self-delusion of what Mr. Roosevelt calls "parlor Socialists"—are not to be brushed aside with the feather dusters of philosophy, but with the rough besom of common-sense. And this the ex-President wields with a muscular hand. He is as much a believer in the virtues of the North-Easter as ever was Charles Kingsley, he opens the window and lets it play on the neurotics who call themselves Socialists. "The parlor Socialists, be they lay or clerical," he says, "deserve scant consideration at the hands of honest and clean living men and women." Dishonesty and impurity, with the sapping of the national fibre and the moral degradation which they involve—these are the main counts in his indictment of Socialism. And, be it remembered, Mr. Roosevelt comes to the question with a mind clearly alive to the evils which Socialism would destroy; with an almost passionate revolt against "the individualism of the Tweed Ring," against the selfishness of capital, against privilege, with a burning sympathy for the poor and oppressed. His sympathies have even led him into indiscretions, to a straining of the law, to some loss of reputation for wisdom. Of all men not avowed Socialists, the disciples of that cult might have looked to him, if not for approval, at least for mild and indulgent criticism; in him the sentimental self-styled Socialists might have expected to find countenance for their benevolent attitude towards the doctrines of Marx and his followers. And behold, in him they find a ruthless enemy of the fundamental doctrines which

they maintain from conviction, or to which their thoughtless amiability leads them to assent.

Mr. Roosevelt's position is, we believe, the position of all sane men, by which we mean men who can penetrate the nebulous haze of abstractions and see facts as they are. No one can pretend that things are as they should be; the most callous cannot contemplate without despair the vast sum of human misery; the terrible disparity between wealth and poverty appals the imagination. We dare not cling to bald individualism in the face of so much helplessness; the commonest humanity and decency revolts against the undisturbed operation of the law of the survival of the fittest. Indeed in our complex society that law cannot have a fair chance of operation, the conditions which can give it free play are hopelessly disturbed. Hence our laws for the protection of workers, of women, of children, of those who cannot protect themselves; hence our provision for the poor, our intrusion on parental authority, and the like. This is easy; the difficulty begins when we ask how far we are to go. Socialism sees, or professes to see, no alternative between itself and cold individualism. Practical common-sense dictates a middle course, which shall deal with phenomena as they present themselves without reference to outlying theories. This compromise is, of course, imperfect and full of difficulty if not danger. For always there is the difficulty of finding a stopping-place, there is always the danger of an indiscreet step that may launch us on the downward course towards Communism. In our haste to remedy admitted evils we may find ourselves committed to what Mr. Roosevelt calls "a glorified State foundling asylum and a State free-lunch counter."

Nothing can be more grievous than precipitancy in Social Reform, a phrase which is being seriously distorted from

its proper meaning, and which is made the vehicle of fantastic dreams rather than of solid benefit. Take old-age pensions as an example. After passing his Bill, Mr. Lloyd George makes belated discoveries in Germany. Prudence would have placed the investigation before the process, but there we are—committed to an ill-considered, extravagant scheme, and to a disastrous precedent. Again, many people would strive to cure poverty by a minimum wage, which in its turn would blossom into equality of reward. The true, or scientific Socialists preach the doctrine openly. "Under the labor time-check system of exchange proposed by Socialists, any laborer could exchange the wealth he produced in any given number of hours for the wealth produced by any other laborer in the same number of hours." The doctrine of that sentence must shock the common-sense and common justice of very many so-called Socialists, yet they pursue a policy which aims at making it not only doctrine but law. To say that Hodge, digging for a twelve-month, shall reap the same reward as Mr. Edison or Mr. Marconi, inventing for the same period, will appear to "parlor Socialists" absurd; yet they are not only drifting towards it, they are actually propelling the boat. They are blind not only to the economic, but the moral results of their policy. In railing against the "privilege" of Capital, they are creating a "privilege" of Labor more corrupt and destructive. If it be wrong for the capitalist to exploit the community, it is surely wrong for the idle and worthless workman to exploit the thrifty, as he would do under a system of equal rewards, which put simply means that he would put into the common store what he liked and take out what he wanted. "Such a proposition," says Mr. Roosevelt, "is morally base. . . . The worst wrongs that capitalism can commit upon labor would sink into in-

significance when compared with the hideous wrong done by those who would degrade labor by sapping the foundations of self-respect and self-reliance"

The confusion of thought in which the Socialist becomes involved when he talks of labor and capital is as alarming as it is deplorable. It is terrifying to think of the possible domination of men who find the source of wealth in manual labor, or whose modifications of that crude Marxian dogma are at best but nebulous, and who regard money as a thing to be destroyed in favor of primitive barter. The disproof of them is so easy. Pushed to extremity they must confess that the world has outgrown barter, that there must be some medium of exchange. Take them then to Johannesburg and ask them how that medium could be extracted from the reef by labor alone, much less by manual labor, and the refutation of their theory is complete and crushing. As has been said, we do not ask the thoroughpaced Socialist to consider these things. Presumably he has considered them, and whether he can swallow the conclusions, or cannot see them, his case is hopeless. But we have a right to expect and demand that the self-styled Socialist shall face the consequences of his present course of action on approval. Let him consider, especially the Christian Socialist, the logical consequences to domestic life and morality of the negation of the right of individual ownership, which applied to property, must extend to wife and child, as Mr. Belfort Bax well points out. Let him consider the atrocious consequences of measuring reward by wants and not by achievement. Let him consider how his unregulated sympathy, which abhors the survival of the fittest, involves something worse—the supremacy of the unfit. It is high time, more than high time, that Social Reform, so

alluring in its immediate aspect, should be analyzed, and that some formula for its application should be arrived at. That the State should stand aloof is impossible, and becomes more impossible with each succeeding lapse towards Socialism. We must find some guiding principle before the momentum becomes irresistible. We cannot entirely remedy our present evils by laws, economic or moral. Something they can do, but the less we rely on them the better. In far greater part are these remedies to be sought in the formation of character, and in the stimulus of individual effort. Thus the

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State may endeavor—nay, should endeavor, to provide for its citizens equality of opportunity, by an intelligent fiscal and economic system. But there the function of the State ends. The reward of the worker, he having opportunity, must depend upon himself and his merit. And so, as a beginning of a larger formula, let us say that the State shall never do anything which can be done as well, or nearly as well, by private enterprise. That will do as a first application of the brake to a vehicle which is already encroaching on the speed limit.

THE BUILDERS.

I.

Mrs. Thrush. What do you think of that hawthorn?

Mr. Thrush. Oh, no, my dear, no; much too isolated, it would attract attention at once. I can see the boys on a Sunday afternoon. "Hallo, there's a tree that's bound to have a nest in it." And then where are you? You know what boys are on a Sunday afternoon? You remember that from last year, when we lost the finest clutch of eggs in the county.

Mrs. Thrush. Stop, stop, dear, I can't bear it. Why do you remind me of it? And as for Sunday afternoons they never ought to have been invented.

Mr. Thrush. There, there, compose yourself, my pretty. What other suggestions have you?

Mrs. Thrush. One of the laurels, then, in the shrubbery of the Great House.

Mr. Thrush. Much better. But the trouble there is the cat.

Mrs. Thrush. Oh, dear, I wish you'd find a place for me; I assure you it's time.

Mr. Thrush. Well, my notion, as I have said all along, is that there's noth-

ing to beat the very middle of a big bramble. I don't mind whether it's in the hedge or whether it's on the common. But it must be the very middle. It doesn't matter very much then whether it's seen or not, because no one can reach it.

Mrs. Thrush. Very well then, be it so; but do hurry with the building, there's a dear.

II.

Mr. Tree-Creeper. I've had the most extraordinary luck. Listen. You know that farmhouse by the pond. Well, there's a cow-shed with a door that won't shut, and even if it would it's got a hole in it, and in the roof, at the very top, there's a hollow. It's the most perfect place you ever saw, because, even if the farmer twigged us, he couldn't get at the nest without pulling off a lot of tiles. Do you see?

Mrs. Tree-Creeper. It sounds perfect.

Mr. Tree-Creeper. Yes, but it's no use waiting here. We must collar it at once. There were a lot of prying birds all about when I was there, and I noticed a particularly noisy flycatcher watching me all the time. Come along

quick; and you'd better bring a piece of hay with you to look like business.

III.

Mr. Wren. Well, darling, what shall it be this year—one of those boxes at "The Firs," or the letter-box at "Meadow View," where the open-air journalist lives, or shall we build for ourselves like honest wrens?

Mrs. Wren. I leave it to you, dearest. Just as you wish.

Mr. Wren. No, I want your help. I'll just give you the pros and cons.

Mrs. Wren. Yes, dear, do; you're so clear-headed.

Mr. Wren. Listen then. If we use the nest-box there's nothing to do, no fag of building, but we have to put up with visitors peeping in every day and pawing the eggs or the kids about. If we use the letter-box we shall have to line it, and there will be some of the same human fussiness to endure; but, on the other hand, we shall become famous—we shall get into the papers. Don't you see the heading, "Remarkable Nest in Surrey"? And then it will go on, "A pair of wrens have chosen a strange abode in which to rear their little fluffy brood—" and so forth.

Mrs. Wren. That's rather delightful, all the same.

Mr. Wren. Finally, there is the nest which we build ourselves, running just the ordinary risks of boys and ornithologists, but feeling at any rate that we are independent. What do you say?

Mrs. Wren. Well, dearest, I think I say the last.

Mr. Wren. Good. Spoken like a brave hen. Then let's look about for a site at once.

IV.

Mr. Swallow. I've looked at every Punch.

house with decent eaves in the whole place until I'm ready to drop.

Mr. Swallow. Well, it's a puzzle. There's the Manor House: I began with that. There is good holding there, but the pond is a long way off, and carrying mud so far would be a fearful grind. None the less, it's a well-built house, and I feel sure we shouldn't be disturbed.

Mrs. Swallow. What about the people?

Mr. Swallow. How funny you are about the people always! Never mind. All I can find out is that there's the squire and his wife and a companion.

Mrs. Swallow. No children?

Mr. Swallow. None.

Mrs. Swallow. Then I don't care for the Manor House. Tell me of another.

Mr. Swallow. This is the merest sentiment; but no matter. The Vicarage next.

Mrs. Swallow. Any children there?

Mr. Swallow. No, but it's much nearer the pond.

Mrs. Swallow. And the next?

Mr. Swallow. The farmhouse. A beautiful place with a pond at your very door. Everything you require, and lots of company. Good sheltered eaves, too.

Mrs. Swallow. Any children?

Mr. Swallow. Yes, one little girl.

Mrs. Swallow. Isn't there any house with babies?

Mr. Swallow. Only one that could possibly be any use to us; but it's a miserably poor place. No style.

Mrs. Swallow. How many babies?

Mr. Swallow. Twins, just born, and others of one and two and three.

Mrs. Swallow. We'll build there.

Mr. Swallow. They'll make a horrible row all night.

Mrs. Swallow. We'll build there.

"THESE THREE."

It is hardly possible to read through carefully the series of magnificent letters which the Apostle Paul sent to the Churches at Corinth, at Ephesus, at Philippi, and other recently-formed congregations of the saints, without coming to the conclusion that the writer was one of the most energetic and indomitable persons of his time. Undisguisedly he glories in the faith that is in him—the faith which checked his sinister career so suddenly and sublimely when on the dusty road to Damascus there “shined round about him a light from heaven.” The “threatenings and slaughter” with which he had previously been filled are transmuted by some mysterious spiritual alchemy into an ardent desire for the conversion of men, and whereas before he brought death and disgrace to their bodies, now he strains every nerve in order that their souls may live. He exhorts, warns, reproaches—it is astonishing what a modern note occurs in some of these passages. “Now in this that I declare unto you,” he says to the quarrelsome Corinthians, “I praise you not, that ye come together not for the better, but for the worse; for first of all, when ye come together in the church, I hear that there be divisions among you; and I partly believe it. . . . What shall I say to you? Shall I praise you in this? I praise you not.” With a superb egotism he declaims time after time his confidence in himself and his belief: “I therefore so run,” he writes, “not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air”; and in another place, “As the truth of Christ is in me, no man shall stop me of this boasting in the regions of Achaia.” In curious contrast comes an occasional self-distrust, as though his impetuous nature had betrayed him into saying too much—“I am become a fool in glory-

ing; ye have compelled me; for I ought to have been commended of you: for in nothing am I behind the very chiefest apostles, though I be nothing.” The immeasurable joy of it all breaks through irrepressibly again and again. “Now thanks be to God,” he cries, “which always causeth us to triumph. . . . We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.” And this is the man who stood by, witnessing and consenting to Stephen’s martyrdom; who “made havoc of the church, entering into every house, and haling men and women committed them to prison”! It is one of the most wonderful instances of the complete diversion of fiery vigor and ill purpose into a diametrically opposite channel of which we have any record.

This restless, reckless spirit, however, had its calmer interludes, and it was when under the influence of one of these brief tranquillities in the battle that some of his finest periods were penned. Faith and hope are the masts and sails of his vessel, charity—that is, love—is its precious freight, and for what splendid havens “eternal in the heavens” this prince of dreamers steered we are told with a repetition that never wearies. “We look not,” he says, “at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.” Here was his faith in its primal and intensest form—that belief in the journey’s ultimate success and glorious end which to-day seems to many men quite impossible and untenable. Here was his hope, its divine and human aspects indivisible as the root and stem of the perfect flower; the ex-

alted and inspiring hope which is to-day scorned by many who apparently have no need of an "anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, which entereth into that within the veil."

It would seem that the rapidity with which we live in the present age renders a certain type of mind independent of spiritual matters. An engagement for every hour of the day, be it business or pleasure, leaves little time to spare for the consideration of "things unseen." "It is a secret," wrote Emerson, "which every intelligent man quickly learns, that beyond the energy of his possessed and conscious intellect he is capable of new energy (as of an intellect doubled on itself) by abandonment to the nature of things; that besides his power as an individual man, there is a great public power upon which he can draw, by unlocking at all risks his human doors, and suffering the ethereal tides to roll and circulate through him." And if it be objected that these sentences are somewhat ornate and indeterminate, we can reasonably condense them into one assertion—that man stands in a definite relationship to the infinite. The realization of this is not constant like the bodily sense of touch or of sight; it comes and goes irresponsibly, born of a moment's experience, a fleeting transfiguration of the material visible world. Even Shelley in his ardor admitted where he could not prove—in doing which, we conceive, poets rise from the sphere of the artist to that of the prophet and interpreter of mysteries:

The awful shadow of some unseen
Power
Floats though unseen amongst us—
visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from
flower to flower;
Like moonbeams that behind some piny
mountain shower,

It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;

Like hues and harmonies of evening,—
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grace may
be

Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

The faith and hope which inform these stanzas, and those of many another poet, are directly in line with that imperturbable faith and hope of Paul, differing only in degree and in clearness of definition, and the more we realize the beauty and the simplicity and the strength of the proud apostle's words, the more heavily seems to press the question: Are we losing in these later years the spiritual sense?

In the physical realm it is common knowledge that an organ consistently neglected or unused becomes atrophied; the injured arm or leg, compelled to stillness, shrinks and wastes away. In the region of intellect the parallel holds good; the mathematician, the anatomist, the astronomer often encourages one gift at the expense of others, which gradually sink below the normal in effectiveness. Precisely so the spiritual sense, the sense by which we retain our hold on those shining dreams that have been the inspiration of prophets and priests and poets from the earliest ages, may be cultivated or discarded, enhanced or vitiated beyond all remedy. This sense is no fantasy of the imagination. It is as much and as explicit a part of our nature as the bodily sense of sight, or of hearing; indeed, between these there exists a fundamental analogy, since the spiritual sense is that function or instinct of the soul by which we are enabled to perceive—it may be but dimly—the lands that lie beyond the bounds of space and time, to hear—it may be but faintly—the voices of the infinite. The ancient mystics apprehended this subtle bond

connecting the known and the unknown; the prophets of old were familiar with it—the "Vision of Isaiah" is full of suggestive passages; the Apostle Paul, as we have seen, lived to proclaim it, having become cognizant of it in no ordinary manner; and in later times many devout men—Saint Francis, notably—have illustrated in their lives its influence and perseverance. What scope do we allow it to-day?

The spectacle of a world wherein this faith, this divine elation of spirit, was permitted to descend into oblivion: where this hope, the super-vision of the soul, was dulled, and where charity, born of faith and hope, was crowded out, would be a pitiful one. Angels could hardly visit such a world. Peace must for ever shun its atmosphere of gloom. Love could scarcely enter within its borders; only passion, wearing the mask of love, could receive a welcome there. The wrangling of the market-place would be its offering of praise to the Most High; the sound of faithless, and therefore meaningless, prayers would rise only to insult the heavens; its ruinous temples and lovely, violated shrines could but mock the God whom once they honored. No sweet spirit of pity could ever work in happy ministrations to the weak, the wounded, or to those who had fallen weary by the way; only the shades of anger and contempt and despair would move uneasily among the throng, spurning to yet more sombre depths of sorrow the souls already forsaken and forlorn. The thousand blooms of spring would put forth their pure petals and their delicate colors in vain for eyes that viewed them indifferently; the luxuriant summer would spend its fragrance and its balm for naught; autumn harvests would be garnered without joy, and through the dearth and silence of winter would shine no fore-running gleam to tell of the new birth close at hand. No strange delight

would thrill its dawns, and from its sunsets the dream would be withheld; even the stars, ranging in the dusk for their nightly march across the sky, could flash no bright message to it. And at the end, when having forgotten love, and with faith and hope deflowered, its puny company travelled into eternity, one tremendous question would ring its knell of dismay—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

It is quite in accordance with his plan that St. Paul should allot less space to the subject of hope than he does to those of faith and charity. Hope is a recurrent state of the soul for which man is irresponsible; it "springs eternal in the human breast," is born of the least things—a word, a glance, a touch, will call it into radiant being. It dies very hardly; indeed, it may be said to be imperishable while life lasts—a statement so widely admitted that it has passed into proverbial form. For if a man is absolutely destitute of hope the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the sun and stars are darkened; he is to all intent and purpose dead already, soul-dead, and often he will hurry his body out of existence as the last desperate measure he can take to render himself in harmony with a universe which seems to him hopeless. The life of man is one long fugue on the theme of hope, often overcome by discords apparently without resolution, often modulating into strange keys, surprising by mutinous, inexplicable phrases, sometimes faltering to a whisper of fugitive music, but always held and braced to coherence by the theme, although it may be that frequently only the skilled musician can trace that theme at all. Truly says the apostle "we are saved by hope," for lacking it, we die.

Here appears, then, the line of demarcation between hope and the other two transcendent attributes. We may

live without faith, or without love; they are acts, not states; we can deliberately despoil our souls of them and still possess happiness enough to render life worth the living—a blind, starved, ghostly sort of happiness it is at best, the mere vague reflection of the sun-ray from base metal, dull and without beauty or warmth, but sufficient to save the body from destruction—not the soul. For the saving of the city of Mansoul there must be the faith which “subdued kingdoms, stopped the mouths of lions,” and the love which “suffereth long, and is kind”; for the saving of the soul, that is, in hourly freedom from evil thoughts, conceptions, and desires, the preserving it from taint of contact with things inimical to its purity, things perilous to its sacred, inborn passion for God. So sure is the apostle of this that time after time his magnificent declamations sound in our ears; he can hardly forsake this great subject of man’s correspondence with the divine through faith and love. “Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal,” he says; and with this verse he leads up to the more comprehensive exposition, where he designates for all time the place of love in this trilogy of indispensable things: “And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing; and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and

The Academy.

though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.” The thought is bound to occur that few present-day experiences can in any manner approach this fervent outpouring of belief. A long way in front of St. Paul are we in art, in science, in education, in all that goes to make our secular sphere habitable and pleasant; a long way behind him in our hold on these “things unseen” which were to him so intensely real, so supremely dear, so tightly bound like three golden threads into the very texture of his life. We are proud of our accomplishments, our tenacity, our money: “charity envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up”; we drive hard bargains at every opportunity, and spread sails to every little breeze of scandal; charity “doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil”; we are irritable and nervous; charity “beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.” But St. Paul, gentle even in his exhortation, true for all the imperfect centuries that were to come as he was for his own “beloved,” the Corinthian citizens of that day, wrote unerringly and keenly his final summing-up of the whole matter:

For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

THE LESSER AFFECTIONS.

The Countess Martinengo Cesaresco, who has worked so hard to get better treatment for animals in Italy, has written a fascinating book about “The Place of Animals in Human Thought”

(T. Fisher Unwin, 12s. 6d. net). It is a book full of miscellaneous information and entertainment, the sort of book which makes the reader idly long for Macaulay’s memory in which to

store all the delightful things which the author has told and shown him. Stories, quotations, comments, and pictures are all alike good.

"The Stoics," says Plutarch, "made sensibility towards animals a preparation to humanity and compassion because the gradually formed habit of the lesser affections is capable of leading men very far." Marcus Aurelius in the same spirit coldly exhorts to kindness. "As to animals which have no reason . . . do thou, since thou hast reason, and they have none, make use of them with a generous and liberal spirit." No doubt the aim of the Stoics in cultivating compassion was the right aim. But the Stoics were terrible prigs. Perhaps that is why they never succeeded in persuading their adherents to abolish the arena. Mercy, to have any dynamic force, must be of the nature of a passion. St. Bernard said that if mercy were a sin, he would still commit it. His words and those quoted above them throw a bright side-light on the essential difference and superficial likeness of the Christianity of Christ and the Stoicism of Marcus Aurelius. Christianity is a venture and Stoicism a scheme. They illustrate the everlasting difference between a faith and a theory.

On the other hand, we must admit that, despite Marcus Aurelius, St. Francis, and St. Bernard, if compassion were a sin, Imperial Rome and the Church of the Middle Ages might both boast their innocence. Our authoress in a most interesting passage shows the sordid side of that arena over which poets have cast a strange heroic light. At Nennig, not far from the Imperial city of Trèves, there exists a superb mosaic pavement. It was only discovered of recent years, and still attracts but few visitors. "The observer of this mosaic perceives at once that the games were of the nature of a 'variety' entertainment." In the central

division, because the most important, is shown the gladiatorial fight; above this is a hardly less deadly struggle between a man and a bear. "The bear has got the man under him, but is being whipped off so that the 'turn' may not end too quickly." To the left there is a fight between a leopard and a wild ass; to the right a gladiator who has run his spear through the neck of a panther. The last picture shows a replete lion, apparently at peace with the world, being led off the stage by a slave. "Everything is quiet, orderly, and a model of good management. The custodian of the little museum told me that the (surprisingly few) visitors to Nennig were in the habit of remarking of this representation of the Roman Games that it made them understand for the first time how the cultivated Romans could endure such sights."

A very odd testimony to man's fellow-feeling for animals, quite apart from pity, is illustrated by the animal trials of the Middle Ages. As early as the ninth century we hear of regular trials of inconvenient or offending animals, in which great care is taken to keep up an appearance of fair play for the defendants. The Countess Martignano Cesaresco gives an account of such a trial which took place before a certain Prior in 1370. "The young son of a Burgundian swineherd had been killed by three sows." All the members of the herd "were arrested as accomplices." It was pointed out that the mass of the pigs were innocent. Justice did not move quickly, and it was not for years that a settlement was reached. The Duke of Burgundy delivered judgment. "Only the three guilty sows and one young pig (what had it done?) were to be executed; the others were set at liberty, 'notwithstanding that they had seen the death of the boy without defending him.'" The trial took so long that had they all been executed in the end they would have

owed years of life to their accusers!

Sympathy for animals is, however, as the book before us amply proves, no product of modern civilization. Men have often forgotten their relations to the beasts of the field, but it was suspected and acknowledged very early. Scandinavian and Persian and Indian literature furnish illustrations of curiously modern feeling in this respect. The Rig-Veda preserves this address to a home-coming bride:—"Make thyself loved for the sake of the children that will come to thee; guard this house, be as one with thy husband; may you grow old here together. Cast no evil looks, hate not thy spouse; be gentle in thought and deed *even to the animals of this home.*" Zoroaster taught that men had duties towards the brute creation to be performed as to "God the giver, Forgiver, rich in Love." Their souls, he thought, would live again at "the renewal of the world." Zoroaster could hardly limit mercy: he believed that "the voice of him weeping, however low, mounts up to the star-lights." Moses legislated for animals, though to the Jew the gulf between the human and the brute creation was always wide and evident. The Koran yields some sentences suggestive of sympathy, for instance the following:—"Fear God in these dumb animals, and ride them when they are fit to be rode, and get off them when they are tired." Again:—"There is no beast on earth nor bird which fleeth with its wings but the same is a people like unto you, we have not omitted anything in the Book of our decrees; then unto their Lord shall they return."

Our author reminds us of the charming argument for animals having souls which Lamartine has put into the mouth of an old and uneducated maid-servant who is grieving over the death of a pet bullfinch. "On dit que les bêtes n'ont pas l'âme," she says. "Je ne veux pas offenser le bon Dieu, mais

si mon pauvre oiseau n'avait pas d'âme, avec quoi donc m'aurait-il tant aimée? Avec les plumes ou avec les pattes, peut-être?" Madame de Staël may have had the same thought in her mind when she said: "The more I know of men the more I like dogs."

The writer of this book has with extraordinary self-control avoided every temptation to put in foolish or sentimental or improbable stories. While emphasizing the human side of animal nature, and emphasizing the fact of its immemorial recognition, she never strains the credulity of the average man. The following story perhaps touches high-water mark in this direction, but it is difficult to disbelieve it on the evidence given:—"That noble hunter, Major Leveson, told a pathetic story of how he witnessed in South Africa a fight between two lions, while the lioness, palm and prize, stood looking on. A bullet laid her low, but the combatants were so hotly engaged that neither of them perceived what had happened. Then another bullet killed one of them: the survivor, after the first moment of surprise as to why his foe surrendered turned round and for the first time saw the hunters who were quite near. He seemed about to spring on them, when he caught sight of the dead lioness: 'With a peculiar whine of recognition utterly regardless of our presence, he strode towards her, licked her face and neck with his great rough tongue, and patted her gently with his huge paw, as if to awaken her. Finding that she did not respond to his caresses, he sat upon his haunches like a dog and howled most piteously.' . . . He had understood the great, intolerable fact of death."

To come back to the subject of the book. What is the place of animals in human thought, what was it, and what will it be? Who can say? They have been regarded as stocks and stones and as objects of worship, as

slaves, as "little brothers," and as ancestors. Men progress while they remain stationary, yet their place is not yet settled. The problem of their pain, the pain of those who know neither sin nor salvation, did not present itself until lately to the world. Now it stands

The Spectator.

before mankind, an unplumbed source of scepticism and distress. The strange thing is that as our sympathies widen, the gulf between us and the animals widens also. In proportion as we feel for them we cease to feel with them or to be of them.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Seven years ago when the sumptuous illustrated "travel" book was in its experimental stage in the United States a young Boston firm published the two volumes of Miss Clara Crawford Perkins's "French Cathedrals and Chateaux," which set so lofty a standard for the text that many authors of similar works apparently abandoned the task of attaining it, and contented themselves with pure commonplace. This work, originally published by Messrs. Knight & Millet, has now passed to Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., and is published by them in a binding equal in elegance but unlike in color to that which they have given to the author's "Builders of Spain," and the four volumes are sold either separately or together. About fifty excellent pictures illustrate the book and it is well indexed. A more pleasant guide through Christian France cannot be imagined.

In Miss Lottie Blair Parker's "Homespun" we have a story of two brothers whose astute father divides two hundred and forty acres of land between them, specifying in his will that each should have one hundred and twenty acres, and not taking into account a lane running through the centre of the property. Having all the stubbornness of the rustic Yankee, the two brothers take their case from court to court, until the Supreme Bench tells them, as any well-taught schoolboy

might have, that the lane must be equally divided between them, and as by that time neither has much property left, they submit with meekness. The second generation, including an ambitious, clever boy, his cousin, a mother's spoiled darling and a dutiful, pretty girl, meantime lives its life with more definite results evolving a pretty romance and an ugly tragedy, so entangled that their final scenes take place almost simultaneously. Henry Holt & Co.

Mr. Arthur Symons's "Plays, Acting, and Music" is a part of a series to the publication of which he has for some years been working his way, and much of its contents was included in a former volume similarly entitled, but many papers are new and all are worth reading as the record of fastidious, cultivated judgment conscientiously and tastefully expressed. The papers on Coquelin and Sir Henry Irving have greater value than when first written, because it is now only by arts other than their own, by literature, painting, or sculpture that these great men may be judged, and Mr. Symons's work in regard to them can now be weighed only against that of other critics. In regard to them as in regard to the other actors mentioned he is very deliberate, and sometimes it seems as if this same deliberation were his distinguishing trait. Whether this be so or not, it is fascinating and creates a pleasant

confidence when he discourses on unfamiliar personages. His musical criticism is especially cautious, although vivid and keen. In writing of the Meiningen orchestra, he makes it all but audible. If in one instance, in the last sentence in "Notes on Wagner," he seems absurd and at the same time irreverent, one believes him the victim of an over-pious proof-reader. This, however, is but a small fault in a volume to be carefully preserved and many times read. E. P. Dutton & Co.

None of those great dead whose centenaries are celebrated this year is likely to be commemorated in a manner more in accordance with his own desires than was Charles Darwin, when on the first day of this year a choice company of learned men gathered in Baltimore to exchange thoughts which had come to them because Darwin had lived his life. Professor Poulton of Oxford reviewed the fifty years since what is called Darwinism came into being, speaking frankly and tenderly of the difficult parts of the way, of the pain which had attended some of the changes of belief, of the struggle that had rent friend from friend, father from son and son from father and the others successively took up their parable. Professor Coulter of Chicago spoke of "The Theory of Natural Selection from the Standpoint of Botany"; President Jordan of Stanford, of "Isolation as a Factor in Organic Evolution"; Professor Wilson of Columbia, of "The Cell in Relation to Heredity and Evolution"; Prof. D. T. MacDougal of Carnegie Institution of "The Direct Influence of Environment"; Prof. W. E. Castle of Harvard, of "The Behavior of Unit Characters in Heredity"; Director Charles B. Davenport of Carnegie Institution, of "Mutation"; Prof. Carl H. Eigenmann of Indiana University, of "Adaptation"; Prof. Henry Fairfield Owen of Columbia, of "Darwin and Paleontology"

and President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University of "Evolution and Psychology." As the latest utterance of eleven such men the book is valuable to persons interested in almost any phase of science. Henry Holt & Co.

In "The Runaway Place," by Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton and Miss Elsie Morris Underhill, the hero and heroine make acquaintance without an introduction; make appointments for meetings in Central Park without an introduction, and at last promise, still without an introduction, to marry one another; and all this is very wrong, Miss Charity Pecksniff, very wrong indeed, Mr. Podsnap and Miss Jemima Pinkerton! Nevertheless so delicately and lightly are the two characters traced, and so discreet is their airy playfulness that its record may be recommended with the certainty that it will be enjoyed with a clear conscience. The hero is a gentleman; the heroine betrayed into an awkward position by an involuntary whistle, is a lady, and so, like Sir Sagamore and his bride, they are happy. The little tales with which they divert one another, the chapters on "The Gluebird and the Dutch Baby" and "The Bugler before the Wall" are the prettiest mosaics of humor and fancy, cemented by charming and justly appreciative description. Henceforth even as Lord Tennyson made pilgrimage to see the place where Louisa stumbled and fell, so will lovers of graceful literature wander through Central Park, with "The Runaway Place" in hand, to find the Magic Casement, and the Pessimistic Pelican and to look with freshly opened eyes at the Victory and good Sir Walter, and the porcelains in the Museum. Greater New York is indebted to these two young novelists who in describing the beauty of the wonderful Park have added one which heightens the others as the velling moss adds loveliness to the rose. Henry Holt & Co.

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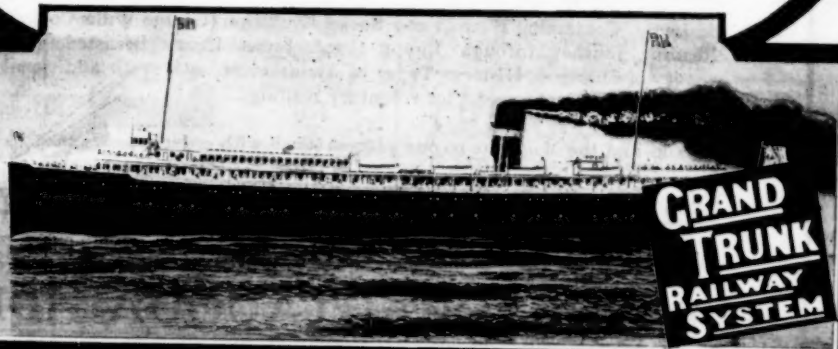
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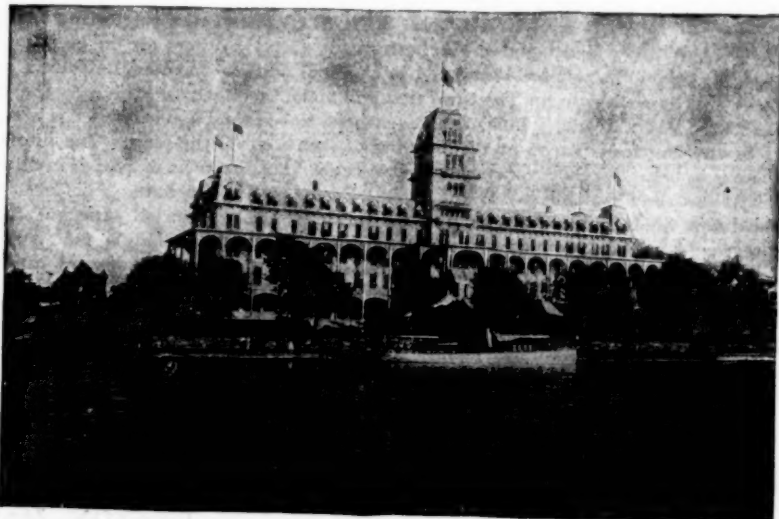
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